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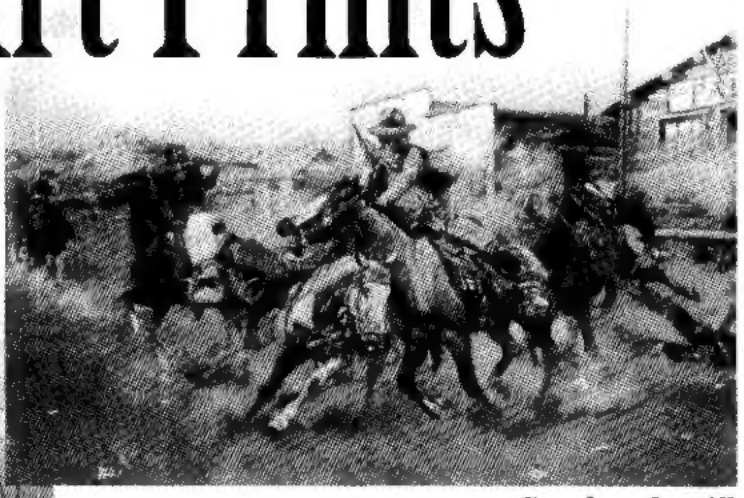

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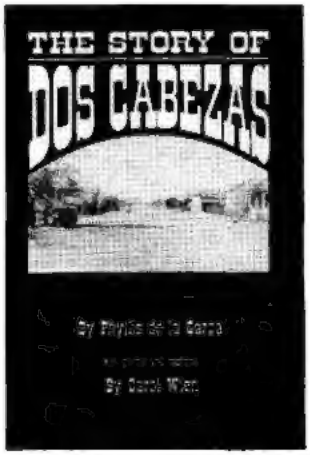

THE STORY OF DOS CABEZAS

By Phyllis de la Garza

with photos and captions by Carol Wien

The twin peaks known as Dos Cabezas are distinctive landmarks of Cochise County. Nestled at the foot of these peaks is the equally fascinating mining community of Dos Cabezas.

This town sprang into existence as a watering spot on the Overland Trail. In the late 1850s and early 1860s Ewell Springs was a regular stop on John Butterfield's Overland Mail route. When prospectors found gold ore at the base of the peaks two decades later, Ewell Springs became a milling center. Hundreds of mining claims were staked. By 1881 the boom town of Dos Cabezas had sprouted.

Unlike so many Western mining towns, Dos Cabezas did not boom and die when its gold deposits were exhausted.

In the early 1900s major mining companies were organized to retrieve copper locked in the twin peaks. One such enterprise, the Mascot Copper Company, was put together by T. N. McCauley. Stock in the mining company was sold from San Francisco to New York.

The village swelled to more than 4,000 inhabitants. For a while it looked as if Cochise County would have another Bisbee. That was not to be, however. While there was plenty of copper mineralization, little ore was mined; the Mascot was a giant stock swindle. And when the bubble broke, Dos Cabezas rapidly faded.

A ghost town now rests at the foot of the peaks. That town has not been forgotten, however. Phyllis de la Garza has resurrected the life and times of Dos Cabezas, and it is a story told with ease and clarity. Embellishing this book are photographs by local photographer Carol Wien.

This beautiful 5½" x 8½" hard cover book contains 224 pages, and 83 rare photos. Edition limited to 1,500 copies. **Price: $26.95**

"WE'LL ALL WEAR SILK HATS" The Erie and Chiricahua Cattle Companies and the Rise of Corporate Ranching in the Sulphur Spring Valley of Arizona, 1883 – 1909

By Lynn R. Bailey

This is the story of two Cochise County ranches: one, a household name among Arizona stock-raisers; the other virtually unknown today. More than a century ago they monopolized much of the one million acres comprising the Sulphur Spring Valley, incorporated during summer of 1883, the Erie Cattle Company was located near the international border at the southern end of the valley. At the northern end of the Sulphur Spring Valley sat the Erie's counterpart — The Chiricahua Cattle Company. Incorporated in spring of 1885. What do these two companies have in common? A lot. Their principal founders were Pennsylvanians — a link which gave these companies enormous power.

In collaboration with other ranchers, the stockholders of the Erie and Chiricahua Cattle companies spearheaded the formation of the Cochise County Livestock Association, fought rustling by putting into the office of Sheriff, John Horton Slaughter, a hardened Texas frontiersman. The two ranches also led the fight against exorbitant railroad freight rates. When the Southern Pacific raised rates they advised stockmen to drive their cattle to market. Those drives, forgotten today, were more heroic than any Tombstone street fight.

This is more than just a history of two ranches. It is a story of industrial growth; of interaction among stockmen to survive in the face of uncertain markets and capricious weather. For the most part this is a story not of cattle barons, but of hard working, pragmatic men who fought to stay alive in a business that at best was speculative.

A beautiful 5 ½" x 8½" hard cover book; 231 pages, 33 photos. **Price: $26.95**

THE GREAT ESCAPE: The Apache Outbreak of 1881

By Charles Collins

On September 30, 1881, Juh and Geronimo left the San Carlos Reservation with about half the Chiricahua Apaches. During their journey they passed near Camp Thomas, Willcox, Tombstone, present-day Elfrida, and then thru Guadalupe Canyon into Mexico. Enroute they attacked a wagon train and fought the cavalry twice. This book chronicles the origin of this breakout, its conduct, and the pursuit which was little short of a fiasco.

Military response was characterized by mismanagement, delay, and confusion among army hierarchy. During the chase, the commander leading the pursuing force stopped his troops because the ground was "impassable on the account of the heavy rains then falling." While they were camped, a civilian party, also chasing the Indians, passed near their campsite and then traveled an additional 17 miles before returning to camp with the soldiers. Nevertheless, it is a dramatic story, thoroughly documented with new data, and augmented with extremely accurate maps, drawn from sketches made by an officer who pursued the Indians. These maps and accompanying data locates several battle sites which have previously been thought lost.

This account is recommended for anyone interested in the early 1880s period of the Apache Wars, or in the histories of Arizona's Graham and Cochise counties.

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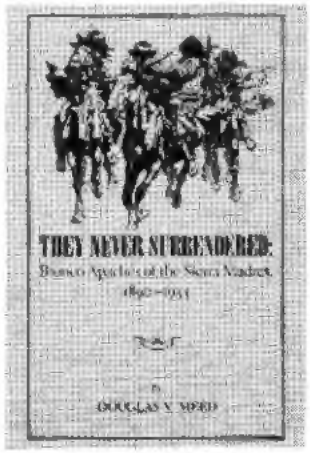

THEY NEVER SURRENDERED: Bronco Apaches of the Sierra Madres, 1890 – 1935

By Douglas V. Meed

A 20-foot high monument of stone on Highway 80 East commemorates the surrender of Gero-nimo and his band of renegade Apaches in nearby Skeleton Canyon. A bronze plaque cemented into the monument proclaims "The Surrender of Geronimo in Skeleton Canyon, on that historic day (September 6, 1886) forever ended Indian warfare in the United States." That statement is not quite true. For at the time of Geronimo's surrender there were other Apaches, hiding in the Sierra Madres, who would never submit to the disgrace of being taken to a reservation and assigned a number. They vowed to hold their mountain fastness against all comers and live according to age-old customs. They would, when they chose, descend upon the hated Mexicans, and yes, even the Americans, and exact their revenge.

Over a wide area of northern Sonora, Chihuahua, and into Arizona and New Mexico, they created havoc for decades. Unwary vaqueros were murdered, cattle cut out and driven off from isolated herds, ranches shot up; a stockman's wife murdered and his son kidnapped. Thus began a bloody vendetta, which ultimately ensnared the military of Sonora and the town government of Douglas, Arizona. Word went out; Apaches were the game. Thrill seekers rushed to the border to get in on the hunt. This is the story of those Apaches who never surrendered; and of Francisco Fimbres, a Sonoran rancher, who relentlessly pursued; and of the men who flocked to the border in the midst of the Great Depression to participate in the sanguine carnival of the last Apache campaign. Hard cover, 5½" x 8½", 216 pp; 16 photos. Edition limited to 1,500 copies. **Price: $23.95**

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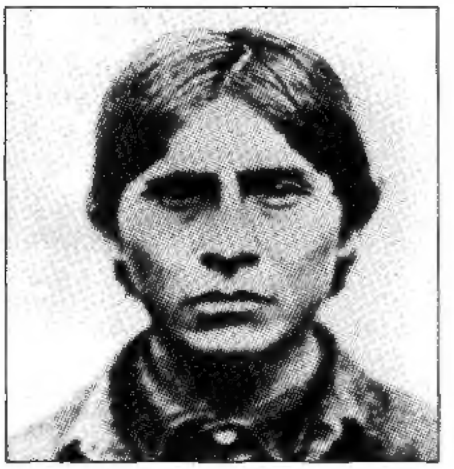

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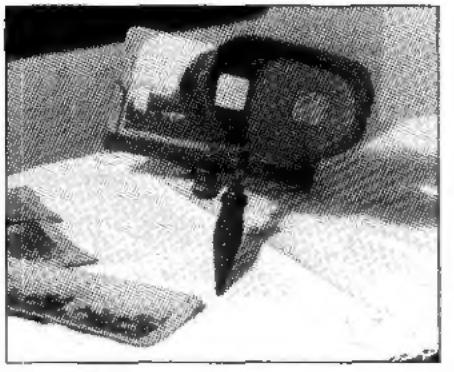

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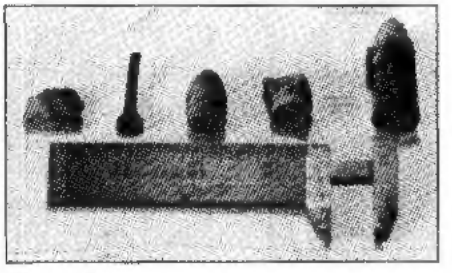

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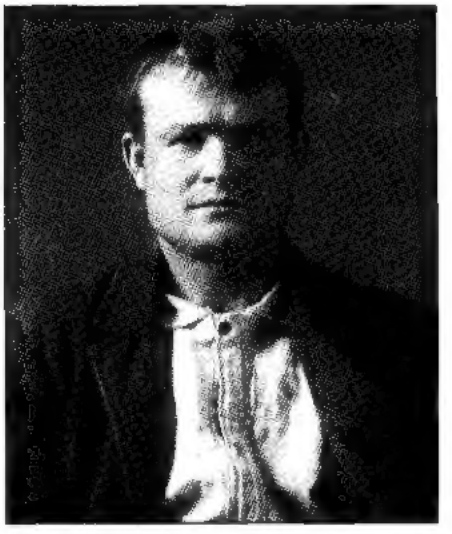

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, folks!

This is an overdue column about one of Western Publications' unsung heroes.

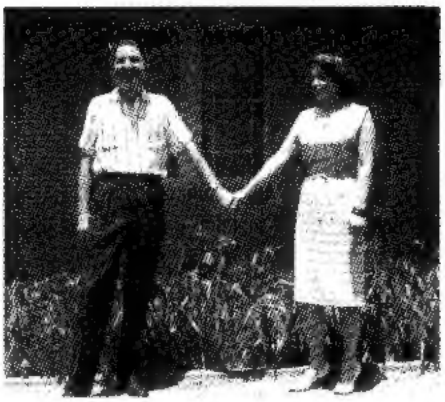
In *True West*'s forty-two year life span, five people have ever dared to climb aboard the editor's saddle. Joe "Hosstail" Small his own self, who was the founder and publisher from 1953 to 1982, also edited this maverick magazine through most of its early years. Joe's good friend and fishing buddy, Fred Gipson, of *Old Yeller* fame, held the editorial reins for a brief spell early on, but then decided he 'druther devote himself full-time to his own writing. From 1963 to 1982 Pat Wagner bossed editorial, followed by Jim Dullenty from 1982 to 1984, followed in turn by yours truly.

From my own experience I can tell you that it can be a wild ride. Not that I'm complaining, mind you, but like a sunfishing bronc, it has its ups and downs with nothing but excitement in between. So I know that staying aboard takes grit.

Pat Wagner had grit. If sixteen years till the buzzer doesn't qualify for a silver-mounted saddle and championship belt buckle, nothing does. Pat rode with style and flare, too, never sparing the spurs, never showing a hint of fear or discomfort. And I might add that Pat accomplished all that in *True West*'s glory days, when interest in western history was at its peak and Western Publications was in high cotton.

Through it all, Pat left the limelight to Joe and toiled inconspicuously in the background. So inconspicuously, in fact, that it still comes as quite a surprise to most old-timers among Western Publications' readers and writers that the Mr. Pat Wagner to whom they addressed their correspondence for so many years was, in fact, Mrs. Pat Wagner.

Pat hired on with Western Publications as Joe Small's secretary in 1959. Hosstail once reminisced that Pat was a fan of *True West* and stopped by the editorial offices in Austin, Texas, just to see the place because she couldn't believe that anybody actually got paid to have so much fun as making western mags. Next thing she knew, she was among the fortunate few, and she and her husband, Bob, had become a permanent part of Hosstail's extended Western Publications family.



Western Publications Photo

Joe Small and *True West* editor Pat Wagner at the Western Publications offices in Austin, Texas, 1965.

Within a year she had earned a promotion to assistant publisher, and in 1963 she became the editor for all of Joe's growing stable of magazines. And the way I hear it, she would have kept right on editing them if Hoss hadn't gone and sold out to an outfit in Wisconsin when he retired.

A few days ago, Joe's widow, Elizabeth, telephoned to let us know that Pat had died in Austin at the age of seventy-nine and was to be buried in the family plot in Sherman, Texas. Those of us who are trying to fill the boots of Joe and his crew were saddened by the loss. But I have a feeling that in a special corner of heaven where cool breezes carry the clean scent of fresh printer's ink and new paper, Joe Small is busy starting up a new magazine. And if I'm right, he just hired himself a first rate editor.

John Joerschke

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Fort Garland Researcher

"The Kit Carson Circuit: Fort Garland," by Randy D. Smith ("Western Roundup," *True West*, April 1995) contains several errors that I would like to correct:

1. Fort Garland was commissioned (established) in 1858, not 1856.

2. Fort Massachusetts was six miles north of Fort Garland, not South.

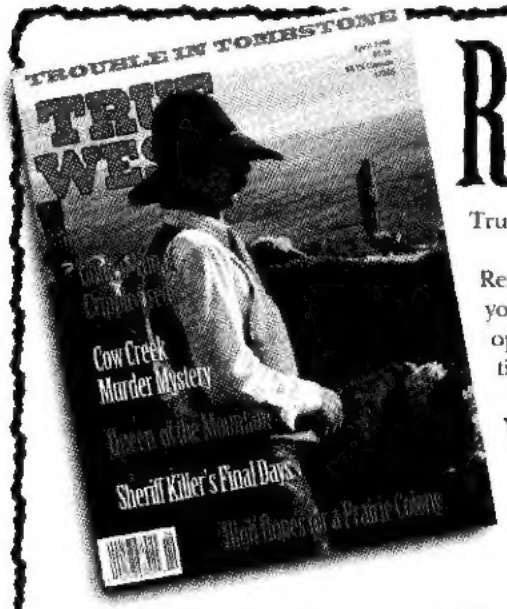
3. Fort Massachusetts was located on a well drained mountain meadow, not on swampy, unhealthful ground.

I have worked as a volunteer with the Colorado Historical Society during the past ten years. Considerable of that time I spent in researching the history of Fort Garland and assisting in planning for its restoration.

The Colorado Historical Society has conducted archaeological digs during the summers of 1993 and 1994 under the supervision of trained archaeologist Ann Bond, head of the Materials and Culture Department. The society hopes the digs will determine the fort's original layout, as the existing data are questionable. By the time that interest developed to make the fort a historical site and restore it, the buildings were much deteriorated; some adobe structures had melted away completely.

The layout shown in the article is the generally accepted one, but it does not account for a bakery and kitchen large enough to feed a garrison as big as Fort Garland's. The definition of laundress quarters may be questioned, because as at most frontier posts, the wives of any privates on post did the laundering for extra income. It is thought that at Fort Garland, laundering in summer months was done on the banks of Ute Creek, which ran at the south edge of the fort. In winter, it probably was close to the kitchen-bakery unit, where it would have been easy to heat water.

One official army record states that Fort Massachusetts was established in 1851, Fort Garland in 1857. However, the dates of their estab-



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lishment are accepted as being 1852 and 1858, respectively. The early dates are assumed to be the dates when construciton began.

In 1853 the inspector general, Colonel Jos. K.F. Mansfield, wrote a lengthy, detailed report about Fort Massachusetts. It reads in part, "It is seated at the foot of the White Mountain [Mount Blanca] which is perpetually snow topped; and on Utah [Ute] Creek at the mouth of a ravine out of which the creek flows a cool limpid stream....They placed it too near the mountain for good defense against an enterprising enemy....In winter the snow falls here to a depth of four feet."

Even as the army was subduing the Utes whom Fort Massachusetts had been established to control, it became apparent that the post would have to be relocated. The present site of Fort Garland was among several that planners considered. They chose it because it was at the base of the mountain trail west over La Veta Pass. Established trails also went southward to the Culebra River-San Luis settlements, thence to Taos and Santa Fe.

Much history and folklore is connected with Fort Garland. The Colorado Historical Society has gathered many artifacts and is working diligently to restore the structures.—*John Norwood, Arvada, Colorado.*

Mint Conditions

"Holiness to the Lord: The Gold Coins of Zion," by Robert L. Foster and Patrick E. Gabbard (*True West*, February 1995), is an interesting article about the mint in Salt Lake City. The authors note that in the Salt Lake City of the 1840s, gold "was difficult to weigh and exchange, causing waste and inconvenience. Church leaders decided to convert the gold dust into coin and build a mint."

I'm sure convenience was one factor in the decision. but the church leaders had another compelling reason for minting their own coins. As the article notes, the constitution of the State of Deseret was adopted March 10, 1849. It was to include most of the western United States. Although its founders used the term "state," they did not ratify it as a state of the Union but, in the eyes of most historians, as a nation. Thus, church leaders decided to coin their own money at the Deseret Mint. That was an active breach of the law, however, just as it was when the Confederacy began to make money during the Civil War. For the United States Constitution reserves that right to the federal government alone.

It is interesting to note that the Mormon mint was not closed until after the beginning of the Civil War.—*Dorothy Milek, Thermopolis, Wyoming.*

Speaking His Piece

I postponed writing this letter in order to give the matter more consideration. Having done so, I shall now "speak my piece." I refer to the criticism of Glenn Boyer's lifelong research and writings on Wyatt Earp and his family.

I have known Glenn Boyer for some time and have been a guest in his home on a number of occasions. I have seen his Earp collection. The documents, letters, diaries, photos, notes, and other items number in the thousands. Glenn has spent fifty-five years of his life gathering historical data on the Earps, and he knew many family members personally.

If anyone out there can present a more historically accurate account of Earp history, let the world see it. By all means, write it and publish it! Many of us would love to read it!—*Ron Fisher, Beverly Hills, California.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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MICHAEL MARTIN MURPHEY'S WESTFEST ROLLS INTO ROCKIES

Buckskin, cowboy hats, and Native American artifacts will once again dominate the landscape at Copper Mountain Resort, September 2–4, 1995, as Michael Martin Murphey's WestFest rolls into the Colorado Rockies for the ninth consecutive year. Officially presented by Justin Boots, WestFest's annual transformation of Copper Mountain Resort into a western cultural showcase regularly draws more than 30,000 people. Whether it's western art, music, or history, this Labor Day weekend festival offers participants a truly western experience.

Joining host Michael Martin Murphey on the mainstage will be Mary Chapin Carpenter, the Tractors, Rick Trevino, Shelby Lynn, David Ball, La Diferenzia, Billy Montana, and WestFest favorites Red Steagall, the Sons of the San Joaquin, Bill Miller, J.W. Stoker, and Don Edwards, who will be performing with his band for the first time at WestFest. A performance by Michael Martin Murphey and the Colorado Springs Symphony Orchestra will highlight the last day of the event.

WestFest captures the sights and sounds of the West, playing host to over 300 exhibitors of western and Native American art. Exhibits run the gamut of artistic mediums, with booths both indoors and out offering something for every taste and price range. Artists Amado Pena, Frank Howard, William C. Matthews, and Gordon Snidow will be on hand along with local artists to autograph their pieces as well as to discuss the western perceptions in their art.

The Native American Village and Mountain Man Encampment at WestFest offer visitors the opportunity to experience the same adventurous spirit that drew their ancestors west generations ago. The aroma of wood smoke and the sound of a lone flute pervade the areas, transporting people back to the 1840s, when the open range was still to be had and folks could disappear into the mountains for months on end. Participants will share their historical insights into the cultures and lifestyles of the people who helped to shape the spirit of the American West. Here festival goers will also have the opportunity to barter for some of the same goods their ancestors found invaluable on the trail.

The same spirit is evident in the Wildfire Corral at WestFest, where some of today's most innovative equestrian techniques are exhibited. Horse trainer Craig Cameron will demonstrate the process modern ranchers use to break a horse. Over the three-day period, Cameron will rope, train, and ride a wild horse, while offering expert advice to audience members on how to deal with their own livestock.

When he originated WestFest in 1987, Murphey wanted it to be educational as well as entertaining for the whole family. To insure that the next generation can enjoy learning about the history of the West, children may take part in storytelling and tepee painting, along with various other activities to educate them about their own past.

Net proceeds from the fifth annual WestFest Ball, Friday, September 1, will benefit the Justin Cowboy Crisis Fund, which helps support injured rodeo contestants and their families. Tickets for the ball, which will feature music by WestFest entertainers, are $50.00 and must be purchased in advance by calling 1-800-458-8386.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday mornings at eight o'clock, the WestFest Celebrity Breakfast Trail Ride returns for its third consecutive year. Guests will enjoy a morning horseback ride into the Rockies, complemented by a delicious breakfast served on the trail. The poetry and songs of Waddie Mitchell, Don Edwards, and Red Steagall add the finishing touch to a true cow camp breakfast. Tickets for the ride are $50.00 and must be purchased in advance by calling 1-800-458-8386.

WestFest hours are from 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., daily; exhibits open at 10:00 A.M., and concerts start at 11:00 A.M. One-day tickets cost $19.00 in advance or $22.00 at the gate. Advance tickets are available from Copper Mountain Resort, at 1-800-458-8386. Three-day tickets will be available at the gate for $54.00 per person. Children ages four to twelve are admitted with a $3.00 ticket purchased either in advance or at the gate. Children ages three and under are admitted free. Chairlift and paddleboat rides will be available throughout the weekend at Copper Mountain Resort. For lodging and ticket information call 1-800-458-8386.

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Travel Through Time on the Jemez Mountain Trail

Just north of Albuquerque at the unspoiled village of San Ysidro, at the junction of New Mexico Highway 44 and State Highway 4, quietly begins one of New Mexico's most spectacular scenic drives, the Jemez Mountain Trail.

Traveling this trail is a journey through time. A leisurely day trip takes you past fantastic geologic formations, ancient Indian ruins, an Indian pueblo, and reminders of the area's logging, mining, and ranching heritage. Much of the area is now a National Recreation Area, so opportunities for hiking, fishing, camping, and, in the winter, cross country skiing are abundant. The Jemez Mountains are also famous for their natural hot springs.

Travelers who stop in San Ysidro, in the Upper Sonoran Desert, can find the work of local artisans and view the restored Spanish adobe church. Past San Ysidro, the Jemez Mountain Trail winds along the Jemez River, cutting through canyons whose colors change dramatically from brown to brilliant red and orange.

Jemez (pronounced Hay-mes) Pueblo is about five miles from San Ysidro, at the gateway of the majestic Canon de San Diego. Most of the more than 3,000 tribal members reside in a single puebloan village known as "Walatowa"—the Towa word meaning "This is the place." The Walatowa visitor's center provides information about the pueblo and has a selection of arts and crafts created by Jemez artisans. Interpretive tours are offered and, with advance arrangements, can include dance performances, artists' demonstrations, and a traditional feast. Among the Jemez Red Rocks, unique geological formations contrast with the blue New Mexico skies. Visitors can sample traditional Jemez foods or buy arts and crafts at roadside stands in the area. Or they can picnic, fish, and enjoy the great outdoors at one of the pueblo's recreation areas.

Just before Red Rocks, a right hand turn onto State Road 290 leads to the ranching community of Ponderosa, where visitors can tour the local winery, and spend the night at a campground or RV park. Once back on State Highway 4 and past the village of Cañon, a left-hand turn onto Forest Road 485 follows the Guadalupe River canyon to the Gilman Tunnels, old railroad tunnels where the Guadalupe River thunders down a majestic gorge.

Returning to State Highway 4,

(See "Time Travel," page 8.)

HIKE IN THE DONNER PARTY'S TRACKS

The story of the Donner Party's disastrous trip across the Sierra into California has been told countless times. Seeing the rugged peaks offers a glimpse of the perseverance and fortitude of those hardy souls nearly 150 years ago. But their story cannot be truly understood without taking a closer look at the challenging terrain they encountered.

Visitors to Truckee, California, will experience the Sierra's difficult slopes during the third annual Donner Party Hike, Saturday and Sunday, September 30 and October 1. Guided hikes, walks, presentations, and a museum visit are all among the weekend's events.

Hikers can choose between an easy walking hike or a more strenuous hike up the Pacific Crest Trail. Guides will take groups of twenty over the picturesque terrain of Mt. Judah and the Coldstream Route where later emigrant parties struggled over Roller Pass. Hikers can look out at Donner Lake, where the Donner Party spent that fateful winter of 1846–47, struggling to survive in relentless snow and extreme weather. They can also see firsthand the Donner Camp at Alder Creek, meander the trail past the Murphy Cabin site at Donner State Park, or visit the Emigrant Trail Museum.

For further information on tickets and lodging, contact the Truckee Donner Visitor Center at (916) 587-2757 or (800) 548-8388.

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"Time Travel"

(continued from page 7)

travelers reach the historic village of Jemez Springs, with its art galleries, restaurants, mercantile store, and various lodging options, including several bed and breakfasts, a small inn, and a motel. Jemez Springs is also the home of a bath house that provides natural mineral waters for baths and soothing massage. Just above the village, the Jemez State Monument features exhibits and picnic areas in the shadow of the prehistoric ruins of the ancient Towa Pueblos of Guisewa (Towa word meaning "place of the boiling waters") and the seventeenth century Spanish Mission of San Jose de Los Jemez.

Evidence of geothermal activity is predominant throughout the Jemez Mountains. A mile north of the State Monument at Soda Dam is an unusual natural formation where minerals from a natural spring have, over thousands of years, created a dam that blocks the Jemez River. The river pours through a hole in the dam, forming a waterfall. Soda Dam has become one of the most popular swimming holes in the Jemez Mountains.

A few miles past Battleship Rock, a sheer cliff that rises suddenly above the river like the prow of a

St. Joseph Salutes Heritage With Trails West! Festival

Thoughout the years of America's westward migration, St. Joseph, Missouri, was a colorful river city where merchants made fortunes outfitting westbound pioneers and gold seekers. St. Joseph celebrates its heritage during the Trails West! Festival August 18–20. Featuring the city's history and culture, the festival attracts some 75,000 people annually. This year's theme, "River Rendezvous," recalls fur trapping days.

The festival includes frontier and Civil War reenactments, a Chautauqua stage with living history presentations, non-stop stage entertainment from blues to symphony, a regional melodrama festival, cowboy poets, juried arts and crafts, and children's activities and entertainment. Many of the sumptuous mansions built during St. Joseph's golden age of commerce are now restored.

For more information write Trails West!, 118 South 8th Street, St. Joseph, Missouri 64501, or telephone (816) 233-0231.

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battleship, is the parking lot for Spence Hot Springs, one of the more accessible and scenic places for a long soak in hot mineral waters. Beyond the springs is the settlement of La Cueva. There, State Road 126 veers off toward Fenton Lake and the Seven Springs Fish Hatchery, all in prime hunting and fishing country. A country store, several restaurants, and a lodge stand right at the junction of State Road 126 and State Highway 4.

At La Cueva, the Jemez Mountain Trail turns eastward and climbs up out of the Jemez Canyon, passing the Jemez Falls and the east fork of the Jemez River before entering Valle Grande, one of the largest volcanic calderas in the world at 8,500 feet. Although fourteen miles across, only part of the caldera can be seen. The view is obscured by the great dome of Redondo Peak, which at 11,254 feet, is the highest peak in Sandoval County.

The trail now heads toward Bandelier National Monument, one of the most visited Indian ruins in the state. Spectacular Bandelier is part of a fifty-square mile wilderness area. Miles of trails to ancient cliff dwellings and ruins radiate from the convenient visitor's center.

On the way to Bandelier, a junction with Highway 501 leads to Los Alamos, the once-remote mountain city where the nuclear age was born. Just past Bandelier is the Los Alamos suburb of White Rock, with its restaurants, hotel, and White Rock Overlook and Park, which affords breathtaking views of the Rio Grande Valley.

A few miles past White Rock, travelers can enjoy a hike or picnic at the unexcavated Indian ruin of Tsankawi. Once past Tsankawi, State Highway 4—the Jemez Mountain Trail—ends as quietly as it began.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076

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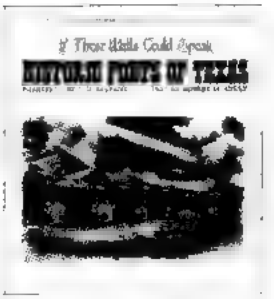

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Frémont's Third Expedition

By Bill O'Neal

200 Years Ago

August 3, 1795; Greenville, Ohio. Nearly a year after inflicting a decisive defeat on Indians at the Battle of Fallen Timbers, General "Mad" Anthony Wayne concluded lengthy peace negotiations with the Treaty of Greenville. Wayne had followed up his victory by continuing to harass the Indians, destroying their villages, and establishing forts. When Wayne announced a peace conference at Fort Greenville, the hard-pressed Indians almost gratefully attended. In mid-June, Wayne began arranging terms with representatives of the Shawnee, Delaware, Kickapoo, Ottawa, Wyandot, Chippewa, Miami, and Potawatomi tribes.

Signing the Treaty of Greenville on August 3, the Indians surrendered 25,000 square miles above the Ohio River. With peace assured, settlers flocked into the region. The population reached 45,000 within a few years, and in 1803 Ohio became the seventeenth state.

150 Years Ago

August 16, 1845; Bent's Fort, Colorado. Frontier explorer John C. Frémont prepared to launch his third expedition from Bent's Fort. As he gathered men and supplies, Frémont dispatched a rider into northern New Mexico to summon his superb scout, Kit Carson.

Carson quickly sold his farm and livestock at a loss, settled his wife with the William Bent family in Taos, New Mexico, then rode north to the fort. Carson joined such stalwarts as Joe Walker, Tom Fitzpatrick, Lucien Maxwell, Alex Godey, and Basil Lajeunesse. The ninety-man contingent also included other experienced mountain men, two army lieutenants, and a dozen Delaware braves hired as hunters.

Astride his favorite horse, Sacramento, Frémont led his adventurers out of Bent's Fort on August 16. Within the next year Frémont and his men would join Americans in California's Bear Flag Rebellion during the early stages of the Mexican War.

Author's Photo

The body of gunman John Wesley Hardin after El Paso lawman John Selman ambushed him in the Acme Saloon.

125 Years Ago

August 15, 1870; near Strasburg, Colorado. Near Strasburg, construction crews joined rails which would link Denver with the Union Pacific Railroad. Three days later, on August 18, the last overland stagecoach pulled into Denver. The city used the rail connection to become one of the West's great commercial centers.

August 20–21, 1870; Fort McDowell, Arizona. On the night of August 20, Apache warriors crept close to Fort McDowell and fired arrows into Suds Row. Although none of the laundresses were hit, at dawn post commander Captain George Sanford led twenty troopers from Company E of the First Cavalry in pursuit. The patrol pushed twenty miles to the east and killed one Apache in a brief clash. The soldiers sustained no casualties.

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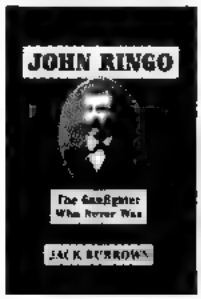

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William, too, submitted to arrest, but the group rode only a short distance before he dismounted and began to light a pipe. Sutton fired at him and White promptly shot Henry out of his saddle. More shooting ensued, and both Kelly brothers were slain. Although Captain Helm swore that they had tried to escape, he was fired from the state police.

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100 Years Ago

August 1–4, 1895; from Cantonment to Skeleton Creek, Oklahoma. On Thursday, August 1, a large posse found fugitives Zip Wyatt and Ike Black at a farmhouse near Cantonment. Ordered to throw up their hands, the outlaws went for their guns and immediately drew the posse's fire. Black was shot in the head and killed, and Wyatt was wounded in the chest. Pumping bullets from his Winchester, Wyatt escaped on foot.

Despite a massive manhunt, Wyatt eluded capture and made his way to Skeleton Creek, five miles southwest of Marshall. Exhausted, he went to sleep on his belly, his Winchester and revolver near him. But deputies Tom Smith and Ad Poak found him and ordered him to throw up his hands. When Wyatt scrambled for his gun, the deputies fired their rifles, shattering his pelvis and tearing a hole in his stomach.

"Don't shoot any more," Wyatt gasped. "I'm bad hit." Lawmen took him to Enid, Oklahoma, where he died of his wounds on September 7.

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August 19, 1895; El Paso, Texas. Since his release from prison in February 1894, the notorious John Wesley Hardin had shown few signs of settling down. Although he had studied law in prison and opened a law office in El Paso, Hardin drank heavily and consorted with a hard crowd.

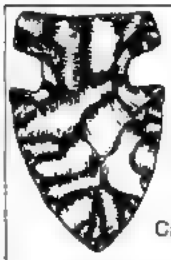
Soon Hardin had difficulties with John Selman and John Selman, Jr., both peace officers in El Paso. Encountering the elder Selman in the street, Hardin snarled out a tongue-lashing, then threatened to kill him and his son.

Old John, a veteran gunman himself, decided to meet the trouble head-on. Hardin spent the evening of August 19 drinking and gambling in the Acme Saloon. Shortly after 11:00 P.M. he was shooting dice with local grocer H.S. Brown. Hardin, his back to the door, told Brown, "You have four sixes to beat."

The senior Selman walked inside the door and shot Hardin in the head. As he fell, Selman fired again, but the bullet struck the floor. Selman then walked to the prostrate Hardin and fired two more rounds. One slug hit Hardin in the arm, and the second tore into the right side of the chest.

John Selman, Jr., rushed into the saloon and, grabbing his father by the arm, cried out, "Don't shoot him any more, he's dead."

Old John surrendered to his son and later was acquitted in court. Neither gun found on Hardin's body had been fired, and the coroner reported that the fatal bullet had entered the back of his head and emerged from his left eye. But Selman claimed that he had spoken a word of warning and that the slug had entered Hardin's eye. More likely, Selman blazed away without warning, depending on his badge for legal exoneration. Less than eight months later, however, El Paso lawman George Scarborough shot and killed Selman.



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APACHE

By Phyllis de la Garza

Of all the "Kids" in western history, perhaps Apache Kid is the most interesting. A victim of the times, torn between tribal loyalties and a white man's world, he was by no means the typical outlaw.

Born in a wickiup on the Gila River in Arizona about 1860, Haskay-bay-nay-ntayl was the oldest of six children. His father was a subchieftain named Toga-de-Chuz of the White Mountain Apaches, in the clan of Capitan Chiquito. The group was closely related to and friendly with the Aravaipa Apache Chief Eskiminzin and his clan.

Around 1875 the family was rounded up and moved to San Carlos Agency, where they were expected to become reservation Indians. Toga-de-Chuz's eldest son, Haskay-bay-nay-ntayl quickly became attached to the flamboyant Clay Beauford, ex-Confederate soldier and chief of San Carlos police. The adventuresome Apache boy announced he would be a chief one day, and was a willing worker known to seek odd jobs around the agency. The cowboys, miners, and military people took a liking to the friendly youth and, unable to pronounce his real name, soon referred to him as "the Apache kid." Earning money for himself, he bought white man's garb, preferring boots and jeans to moccasins and breechclouts. He learned to speak passable English and worked as a cowboy for a time at one of the ranches near Globe. He also got an ugly "W" tattooed on his forehead with blue reservation tannin ink. For a time the government tried tattooing the Apaches as a means of identification. "W" stood for warrior, "F" stood for Female, and "M" for Male. (This practice was eventually discontinued, and the Apaches were forced to wear numbered tags).

Sometime in early 1880 Al Sieber, chief of scouts at San Carlos, noticed the Apache Kid and asked if he would like to be a scout. Kid's marksmanship and keen eyesight were already well-known. He was famous for running around the top rail of the agency corral on the days beef cattle were slaughtered, showing off his marksmanship by shooting steers between the eyes. He was also easy-going and likeable among his friends, both male and female.

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Kid's enlistment record shows he was known as First Sergeant Kid, Indian Scouts, from June to December 1882; again from August 1883 through July 1884; and from November 1885 through October 10, 1886.

Kid was well-liked during his scouting days. A White Mountain Apache scout named John Rope said he joined up to scout with his friend, Kid, whom he admired. Lieutenant Thomas Cruse of the Sixth Cavalry fought with Kid at the Battle of Big Dry Wash. Cruse remembered Kid as "a real good Indian then, very tall and handsome."

Upon Geronimo's surrender in September 1886, the great Indian wars ended in Arizona. The army no longer needed Kid's service as a scout; however, the military establishment remained at San Carlos since the nearly 6,000 Indians still on the reservation required the watchful eye of the Indian police. Once again under Al Sieber, Kid served as first sergeant of Indian Police beginning April 11, 1887.

Within the year, Kid would be court martialed and dishonorably discharged. In May of 1887 Al Sieber, and Captain F. Pierce, First Infantry, left San Carlos for Fort Apache, leaving First Sergeant Kid in charge of keeping the peace. Alcoholic beverages on the reservation were strictly prohibited, but when the Apaches learned Sieber and Pierce would be gone for a while, a big tizwin party was planned at one of the Apache camps. The acting post commander during Pierce's absence, Lieutenant F.B. Fowler, made the mistake of sending Kid and several other scouts to quell the merrymakers. When Kid rode

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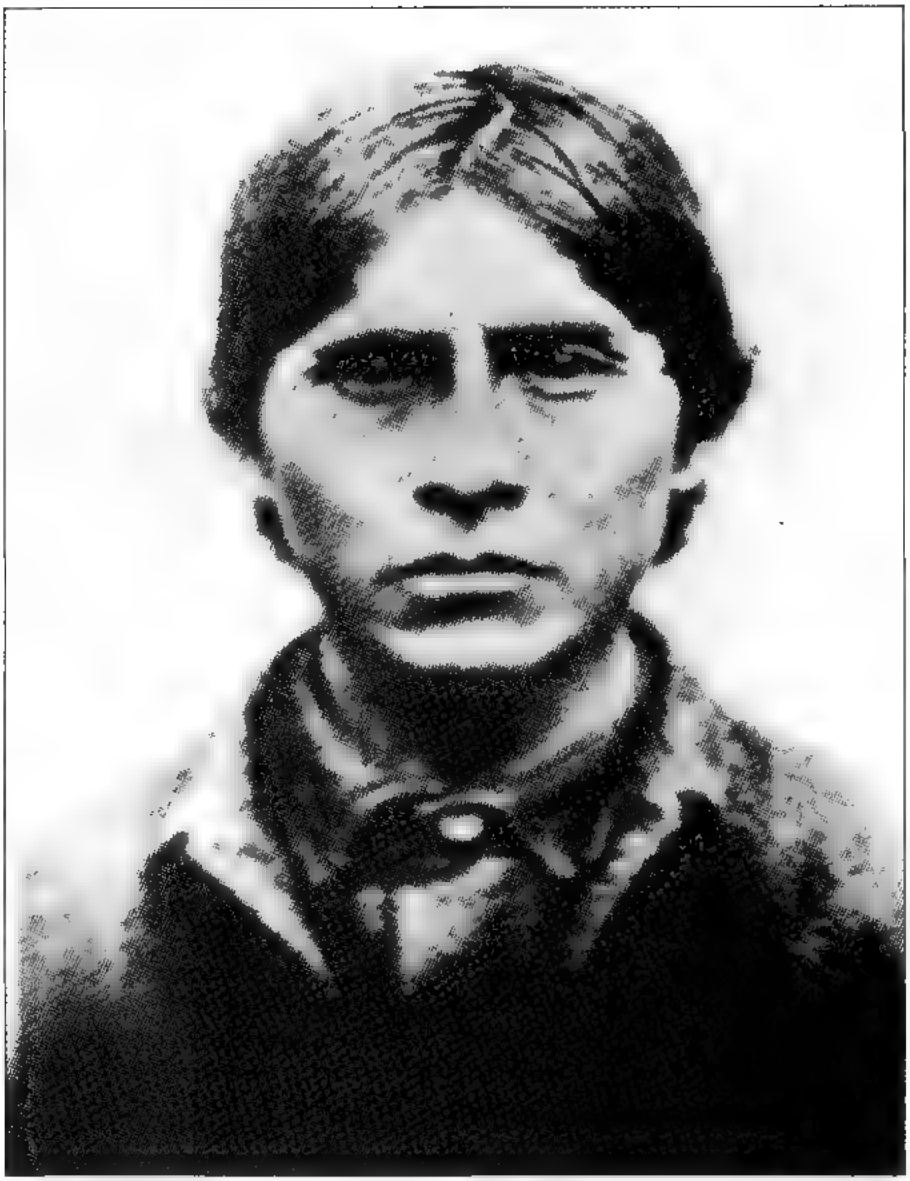
KID



National Archives

The Apache Kid, or Haskay bay nay ntayl—"Brave and tall and will come to a mysterious end."

into camp his friends began taunting him, so he simply joined the party.

Not only that, he apparently began brooding over the death of his grandfather, who had been murdered some months earlier by an Apache called Old Rip. Rip had been involved in a long-standing feud with Kid's family. It involved a love-triangle between Rip, Toga-de-Chuz, and Kid's mother. Deciding to settle the score, Kid and some of his friends rode to Rip's camp and murdered him, in keeping with the Apache custom of an eldest son's exacting blood vengeance when a family member was murdered.

Kid admitted later to shooting Rip at his camp on the Aravaipa Creek. He and his friends returned to the tizwin party. By now Al Sieber and Captain Pierce returned to the Agency and discovered First Sergeant Kid not only had abandoned his post, but had killed somebody to boot. Sieber notified Kid and the errant scouts to return immediately. They complied.

Edward Arhelger, a civilian employed as a blacksmith at San Carlos wrote in his memoirs, "In the evening I was sitting in front of the Agency, I saw a row of Indians coming on horseback single file. I said to Frank Porter (farm manager) 'Frank, that looks like old times. I believe we're going to have some fun here tonight.'"

Riding to Al Sieber's tent, the Apaches were told to give up their guns, which they did. Pierce ordered them to the guardhouse. At that point not even the military records are clear as to what exactly happened, but one of the Indians in the crowd standing around watching fired a shot. Pandemonium broke loose. Some of the scouts ran for their horses, others grabbed guns. Kid himself tried to get his gun but Al Sieber kicked it out of his hand; Kid ran for cover.

When the shooting was over, one scout was dead, and Al Sieber's left leg was shattered below the knee from a .45-70 slug, crippling him for the rest of his life. Two different individuals, Curly and another Apache scout named Paul Patton, each took credit for wounding Sieber, but everybody—including Sieber—understood that Apache Kid did not do any shooting.

Arhelger reported, "Two companies of cavalry were ready to take the field inside fifteen minutes. The orders were, 'take the trail!'"

A lengthy chase was underway, with cavalry troops from San Carlos, Fort Thomas, and Fort Bowie in hot pursuit of Kid and his followers. At some point several reservation Indians joined Kid, and within a few days the renegade band numbered sixteen.

This all happened less than one year after the surrender of Geronimo, just when residents of

Arizona Territory were relieved of the Apache fear they'd lived with for so long. An outbreak from San Carlos, sixteen Apaches on the run, and the cavalry charging around again had the territorial newspapers aflame with the latest "outrages."

Kid's band killed two prospectors, William Diehl and Mike Grace. Court proceedings later revealed that a Yaqui Indian named Miguel, who had joined the pack, personally killed both prospectors. Miguel hoped to make enough trouble that authorities would come down hard on the Apaches, causing them to rise up again in another Apache war.

Fearing a massive outbreak of Indians from the reservation, General Nelson H. Miles hurried back to Arizona Territory from department headquarters in Los Angeles on June 13 to personally handle the situation. He found that from 1,000 to 1,200 Indians had left their camps. Abandoning their fields, they congregated at a place called Coyote Holes, where they assumed a "threatening attitude" harangued by medicine men whose influence was prejudicial to peace. But in the end no actual outbreak occurred.

Pushed hard by the cavalry, and in one instance losing all horses and equipment, Kid sent word to General Miles at San Carlos suggesting he would give up and come in peacefully if Miles would call off the troops. Miles agreed. Kid and the others surrendered in three separate groups, one person on June 18, eight others on June 22, and finally Kid with seven companions on June 25.

In his memoirs, General Miles conceded that Kid and the others did not fully understand the seriousness of their deed. As far as the Apaches were concerned, a tizwin drunk ending in a few murders was nothing important. Considering the times, it was hardly anything unusual, and the fact that Sieber got shot did not faze them either. Sieber's body was already riddled with more than twenty bullet and arrow wounds beginning with his army days at Gettysburg.

But General Miles felt the heat. Just when the military establishment was enjoying praise for ending the Geronimo menace, here came Apache trouble again. Editorials from San Francisco to New York screamed terrible revenge. They were full of ghastly suggestions for putting "an end to the Apache problem for once and for all."

By command of General Miles, the court-martial of Kid and the scouts took place shortly after their surrender. First Sergeant Kid, Sergeant As-ki-say-la-ha, Corporal Na-con-qui-say, Private Be-cho-on-dath, and Private Margy were found guilty of "Mutiny. in violation of the 22nd Article of War," and "Desertion in violation of the 47th Article of War."

They were sentenced to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances, and to be confined at hard labor for the rest of their lives. Because General Miles believed the scouts' actions were not as bad as the court finding had suggested, the sentences were ultimately reduced. Kid drew ten years at federal prison. He and the others were "escorted" to Alcatraz after the receipt of Special Orders, No. 18, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant General's office, Washington, January 23, 1888. They had been sitting in the guardhouse at San Carlos since June.

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But Kid and the others were destined for early release. A military review of the case took place in April 1888. After a lengthy session, the review board decided the jurors at Kid's trial had been prejudiced against the Apaches. By October 13, 1888, Secretary of War William C. Endicott authorized the prisoners' release. Kid and the others were on their way back to San Carlos.

Disillusioned and weary, Kid slipped away to his camp on the reservation and avoided military people and those he had tried so hard to emulate—especially Al Sieber. Indian scout enlistment records show that Kid was married and had two children, a boy and a girl. He appeared at the agency only for food allotment on ration day, receiving a few pounds of flour, sugar, and beans for his family once a week.

BUT AGAIN, sinister forces beyond Kid's control were brewing. Several Apaches serving time in federal prisons for various crimes were released on April 15, 1889, after a Supreme Court decision known as the *United States vs. Captain Jack*. In short, it was agreed that Indians having caused crime in the territories should be tried, and if convicted, sentenced to territorial prisons, not federal prisons. Thus an Apache named Nah-deiz-az, who had shot and killed Lieutenant Seward Mott in a land dispute on the San Carlos reservation in March 1887, came home from federal prison in Illinois.

This caused a furor among civilian and military authorities alike. They finally decided to round up all the Indians who had committed crimes and who had been released by the federal government, and to retry them in territorial court. A ploy like that today would probably be illegal, but animosity was running high against the Apaches in 1889. And Al Sieber, hobbling around on crutches for more than a year, made sure Kid was on the list for another trial. Thus the Apaches were arrested and tried again by the territorial grand jury.

Kid's trial this time was for "attempting to kill Al Sieber." The trial was short. Amazingly, an

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Apache girl named Nasha-shay, whom the soldiers called "Beauty," came forward on Kid's behalf at his trial, attesting to his good character. But the verdict was without mercy. Kid drew seven years at the territorial prison in Yuma. All the others drew prison time, too; Nah-deiz-az was destined to be hanged.

National Archives

The Apache kid (center), while serving as an Indian scout against Geronimo in 1882.

EIGHT INDIAN convicts, including Kid, and one Mexican horse thief named Jesus Avott were assigned transportation by stagecoach. They were to travel from Globe, Arizona, to the Southern Pacific railroad station at Casa Grande, where they would be put on the train to Yuma.

Eugene Middleton owned and drove the coach. Sheriff Glenn Reynolds of Gila County and Deputy William "Hunkydory" Holmes were the armed officers. The second day out, November 2, 1889, on a cold foggy morning, the coach paused at Kelvin Grade. Sheriff Reynolds ordered everybody out of the coach but Kid and Hos-cal-te (whom he considered too dangerous), so the horses more easily could pull the coach up the steep, sandy grade.

Trudging up the hill, the handcuffed Apaches slyly circled the sheriff and his deputy. When close enough, they wrapped their arms around the lawmen, grappled until they wrested Reynolds' gun away. Hunkydory Holmes, who was known to have heart trouble, apparently died without a struggle when the Indians pounced. Thus, Sheriff Reynolds did not stand much chance. The Apaches shot him dead with his own weapon.

Above the rattle of the coach and noise from the teams, Eugene Middleton was unaware of trouble until he heard the shots and then Jesus Avott running along side the coach shouting a warning. Unable to speak Apache or much English, poor Avott had trouble telling Middleton what was happening. He finally bolted into the bushes, since he knew the Apaches hated Mexicans as much as they did white men. The killers did in fact take a couple potshots at Avott, but soon lost interest when they realized he was no threat.

Pash-ten-tah, carrying Reynolds' rifle, shot Eugene Middleton in the head, the bullet entered his cheek, coming out the back of his neck and barely missing his spinal cord. Middleton tumbled off the stagecoach. Temporarily paralyzed and certain of a horrible death, Middleton saw Kid and Hos-cal-te alight from the coach in their shackles. The Apaches freed one another from the handcuffs with keys taken from Sheriff Reynolds' body.

One Indian had picked up a rock and another was aiming a gun at Middleton's head when Kid said, "Don't. He's dead already." A very lucky Eugene Middleton lived another forty years after the incident. Until his death in 1929, Middleton told and retold the story, always insisting it was Kid who saved him. Middleton thought a simple act of kindness—giving cigarettes to Kid at the stage station the night before—might have saved his life.

Meanwhile, the newly freed Apaches grabbed coats, money and guns, and disappeared into the bleak autumn hills. Jesus Avott went to a nearby ranch for help. Eugene Middleton staggered back to Riverside Station, and the largest manhunt in the history of Arizona Territory was underway.

Later that afternoon a posse found a trail of odd bits of torn paper which turned out to be the commitment papers Sheriff Reynolds carried to admit the Apaches to Yuma. Too, they found some scraps of clothing that had been inside Holmes' valise, but the trail had to be abandoned when a snowstorm blew in, obliterating any sign of tracks.

Throughout the winter the renegades clung together, avoiding capture under the wily direction of Apache Kid. But as the months

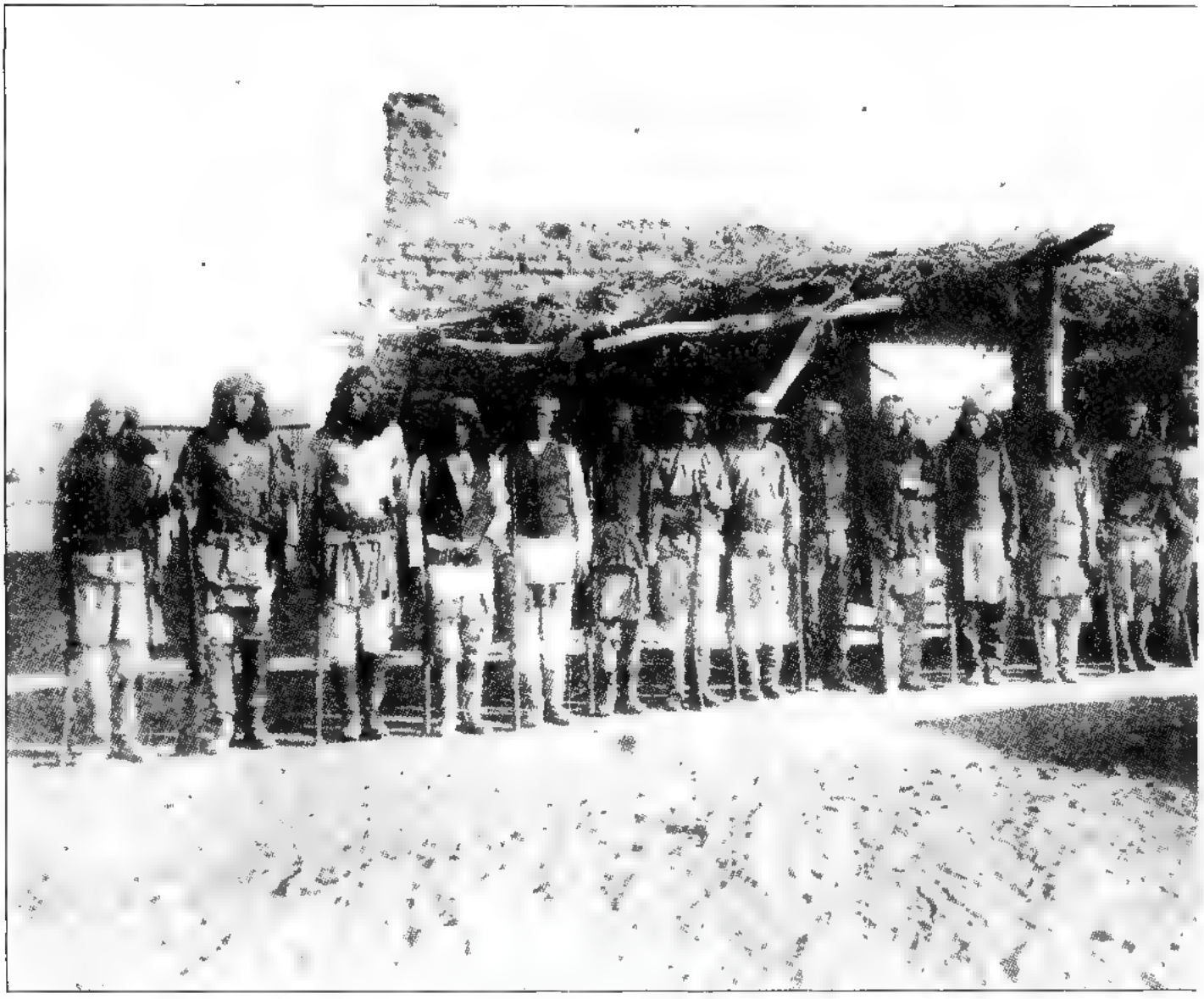
dragged on, some of the fugitives began missing their homes and families. They drifted apart. In May 1890, the army hunted down and killed four of Kid's group at Ash Flat, east of San Carlos. An Indian scout named Josh, who led the search party, cut off Pash-ten-tah's head and put it on display at agency headquarters. On September 20, 1890 the other three, Say-es, Hos-calte and El-cahn were seen at San Carlos.

El-cahn was shot and killed; the other two were arrested and retried. The six-shooter Say-es carried was the one taken from Hunkydory Holmes' body. Sentenced once again to Yuma prison, the two died of tuberculosis one day apart in March, 1894.

As for Kid, he was accused of almost every murder, rape, and robbery in Arizona Territory between 1889 and 1894. Even his detractors admitted he would have been some kind of miracle man to be in all those places at once. It is certain that he avoided capture through his keen senses and the familiarity with the country he had acquired during his scouting days. Further, he had a large family and network of friends who provided him with supplies and information, and those who really knew him were aware he was not the "red devil assassin" the territorial papers made him out to be. Nonetheless, he most certainly did kill some people, and he did steal horses and plunder for his own survival

At one time, the combination of rewards for him totalled $15,000, certainly more than enough to encourage every prospector, lawman, rancher, and adventurer to try to kill him on sight. An Apache woman who joined him for a time later said Kid traveled mostly at night. He holed up during daylight hours, scanning the countryside through binoculars.

The notorious scout and manhunter Mickey Free admitted to trailing Kid for three months one time in hopes of killing him to col-



The Apache Kid stands at the right end of a line of Apache soldiers. He enlisted in 1885 in Company F, Indian scouts at San Carlos, Arizo

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lect the reward. Mickey even brought to Al Sieber a piece of decomposed skin that was supposed to have Kid's tattoo on it.

John Slaughter claimed to have shot Kid after a long trek into the Sierra Madre; he decided to keep it quiet, he alleged, because he had crossed the international boundary without permission.

Wallapai Clark insisted he shot and killed Kid while Kid and a woman were trying to steal a horse from Clark. An Apache woman was found dead near Clark's corral. Bloody tracks led away from the corral, and Clark was convinced Kid must have crawled away into the rocks to die.

A former army scout named James B. Gray reported paying the Yaqui Chief Kelzell to kill Kid because Kid had stolen Gray's favorite horse. Three months later Kelzell supposedly appeared with a human head in a sack and said, "It is done."

The weirdest story of all comes from a series of letters written by a member of a hard-riding posse who claimed to have killed Kid at San Juan Canyon in New Mexico. But the posse members got a little carried away, cutting off Kid's head and trigger finger with an axe and deciding to send the grisly mess to the Skull and Bones Secret Fraternal Society at Yale rather than collect the reward.

National Archives

The weirdest story of all comes from a series of letters written by a member of a hard-riding posse who claimed to have killed Kid at San Juan Canyon in New Mexico. But the posse members got a little carried away, cutting off Kid's head and trigger finger with an axe and deciding to send the grisly mess to the Skull and Bones Secret Fraternal Society at Yale University rather than collect the reward. The writer's proof of Kid's remains was based on the fact the skull contained a gold tooth Kid got while he was a student at Carlisle Barracks Indian School in Pennsylvania. (Apache Kid did not attend Carlisle School, or any other school for that matter.)

What is known for sure, is that Major Emilio Kosterlitsky of the Mexican Rurales killed three renegade Apaches in May of 1890 in Sonora, and Sheriff Glenn Reynolds' pistol and watch were found on one of the bodies. Gila County Sheriff Jerry Ryan thought Kid carried Reynolds' watch and gun, but Kosterlitsky wrote to a friend years later saying the Indian carrying the watch and pistol was an old man with long white hair. (The Mexican government returned the watch and pistol to Reynolds' widow.)

In 1894 a former scout named Montgomery stumbled upon Kid quite by accident while searching historic ruins near a place called Cherry Creek near San Carlos Montgomery strolled through the woods, filling his pipe from a tobacco pouch when Kid suddenly appeared with a Winchester leveled at Montgomery's head. Kid said he just wanted to talk and share a little tobacco, to which Montgomery readily agreed. During the uneasy truce, Kid wanted to know if there was still a reward out for him—and he asked about Al Sieber.

After some conversation, Kid shook hands, then mounted his chestnut horse. Montgomery noticed it carried the brand of the Cameron's of the San Rafael ranch in southern Pima County. Montgomery knew Kid from their old scouting days and reported he had "shrunken very much in flesh and had lost his erect carriage formerly so noticeable; his eyes are deep-sunken and he has cut his hair short just below the ears. He wore his usual white man's clothing and shoes, not moccasins, and could easily pass for a Mexican."

As late as 1924, Private Joe Adley, a nephew of Apache Kid who was assigned to a detachment of Indian scouts at Fort Huachuca confided to John H Healy, then a lieutenant in the Tenth Cavalry, that Apache Kid was still alive in Mexico.

Apache Kid's ultimate fate may never be known. So many different people claimed to have killed him that it became something of a joke. But Kid's body was never recovered. None of the rewards were ever claimed. His Indian name, Haskay-bay-nay-ntayl literally translates into English as "brave and tall and will come to a mysterious end." Perhaps he would like to keep it that way.

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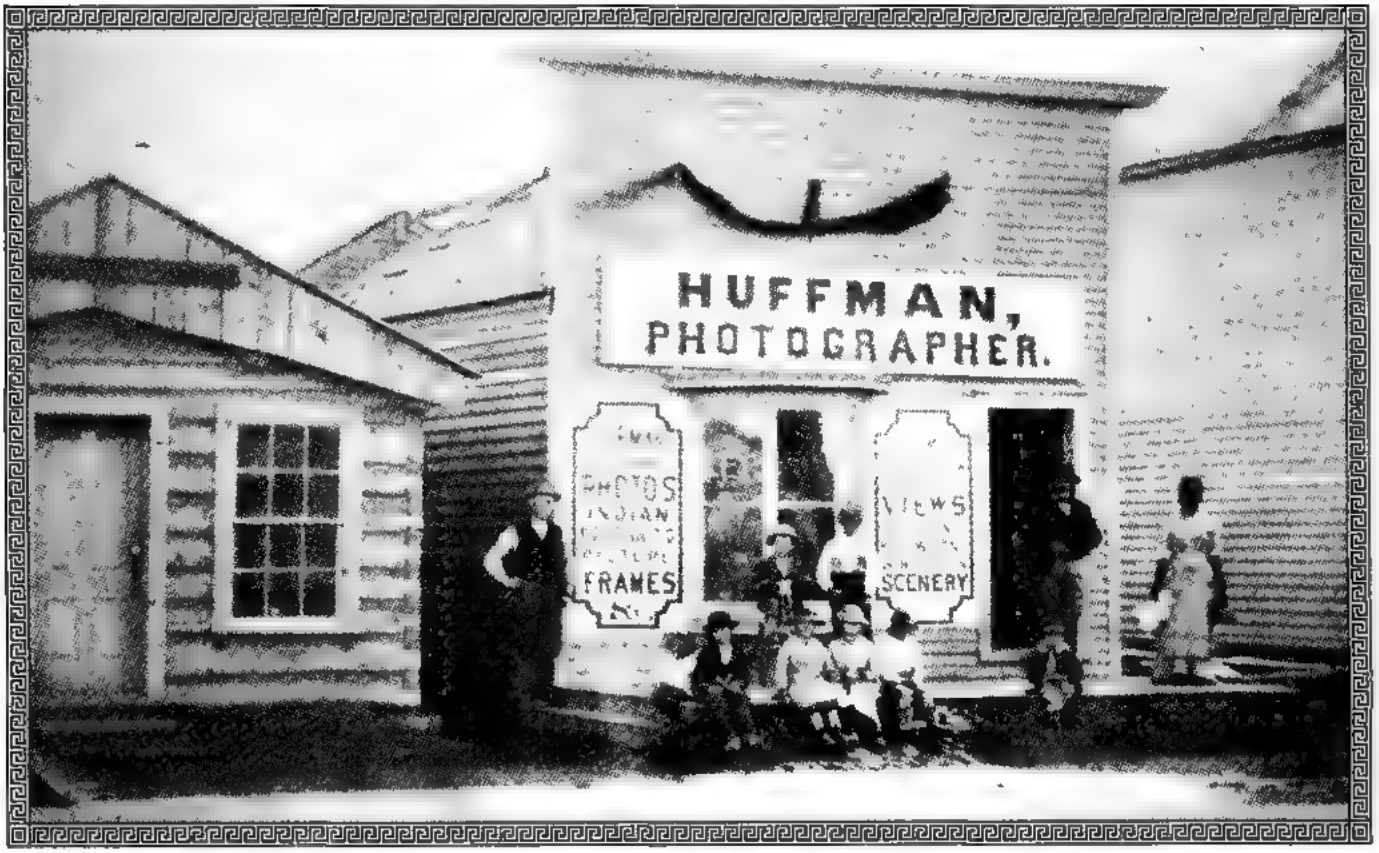
STEREOPHC

Bringing the W

By CHARLES .

The second half of the nineteenth century brought a new kind of pioneer to the American West—one who not only explored a new and unknown region but also worked in an art form still in its infancy. He was the photographer. Despite his primitive equipment he, more than any other, presented the visual image of the West to a curious and excited world

The photographers' discovery of the West coincided with the sudden worldwide demand for a specific type of photo—the stereograph. Stereophotography developed in the early 1850s on the principle that each eye sees the same scene from a slightly different angle and the brain records those two views as a single, three-dimensional image. Thus a camera with two lenses set side-by-side would record two slightly different perspectives that, when



Montana Historical Society

Huffman's studio in Miles City, Montana This building was in town after his business outgrew a picket hut at nearby Fort Keogh.

TOGRAPHY
est to the World

ROBINSON, III

Author's Collection

The stereoscope consisted of a binocular viewer, handle, and an adjustable cardholder which could be moved back and forth to bring the image into focus. At the height of the instrument's popularity, Sears Roebuck offered a stereoscope with 500 cards for $2.98.

mounted together on a card and seen through a special viewer called a stereoscope, would create an illusion of three dimensions.

At first, existing cameras were modified for the job, but in 1856 English optician John B. Dancer invented a camera specifically designed to make stereophotographs. It was a wooden box with two lenses mounted two and a half inches apart, about the distance between the pupils of the eyes. A second box, mounted below, fed glass plate negatives into the camera.

Dancer's camera and its successors simplified stereophotography, creating a rage which lasted the remainder of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth, finally diminishing about the time of the First World War. Almost every middle class home in Europe and North America had at least one stereoscope and dozens of card-mounted double photos with which families entertained themselves in the parlor on Sunday afternoons. Often the cards were issued in num-

bered series on subjects like the Egyptian pyramids, Peking's Forbidden City, the fjords of Norway, or the Alhambra in Spain. Photographers were quick also to meet the demand for images of the equally exciting and exotic American West.

The camera was already changing the method of western exploration. Early government scientific and surveying expeditions carried painters and sketch artists who produced images of wildlife, landscapes, and American Indians. Beginning in the late 1860s, however, those artists were replaced by contract photographers. For them, the normal hardships of travel were aggravated by their equipment. As Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who chronicled Major John Wesley Powell's Colorado River expeditions commented, "The photographic apparatus was particularly bulky for neither the dry-plate nor film had yet been invented."

Photographers used the collodion, or wet-plate, process. To make a negative, the photographer coated a glass plate with a collodion solution made from guncotton mixed with alcohol and ether. Then, in darkness or semi-darkness, he would dip the plate in a tray of silver nitrate, place it in a light-proof, wooden film holder, load his camera, take the picture, and finally return to the darkroom and process his plate before the collodion and silver nitrate had time to dry. The result was a glass negative which could be used to make prints at leisure.

Ideally, a photographer would have a light-proof wagon for a darkroom, although during a western summer, the heat inside might be unendurable. Those who had to travel more lightly used their ingenuity. Austin, Texas, photographer George Robertson made a portable darkroom from an old trunk. It had openings fitted with sleeves of dark cloth for each arm. A hole in the top of the trunk contained a piece of yellow glass so Robertson could see what he was doing.

The fact that a photographer could safely prepare and develop his plates in light filtered through yellow glass (which would ruin even the slowest modern film) shows how primitive the system really was. Exposures often required several minutes, and their timing was based on experience and educated guesswork. A photographer, loaded his camera, took the cap off his lens...and prayed. Fast motion was impossible to record; it would appear on the glass plate as a blur, or not at all. Since no two plates were coated with exactly the same amount of collodion and silver nitrate, neither the exposure nor the quality of the photograph was uniform from one plate to the next.

Montana Historical Society

Montana photographer L.A. Huffman took this self-portrait standing by a buffalo he killed. Fortunately, much of Huffman's work is identified and preserved by the Montana Historical Society in Helena

ENLARGEMENT FROM a glass negative was impossible at that time, so the final print could be only as big as the plate itself. Consequently some field cameras designed for government work might weigh as much as seventy pounds and hold a seventeen-by-nineteen-inch plate. In addition to that heavy, government-style gear, most contract photographers carried smaller stereo cameras, augmenting their incomes by supplying the stereoscope rage. Even John Wesley Powell himself, in partnership with two photographers from his expeditions, marketed stereo photos of his treks. Exploring, after all, does cost money.

George Robertson differed from other explorer-photographers in

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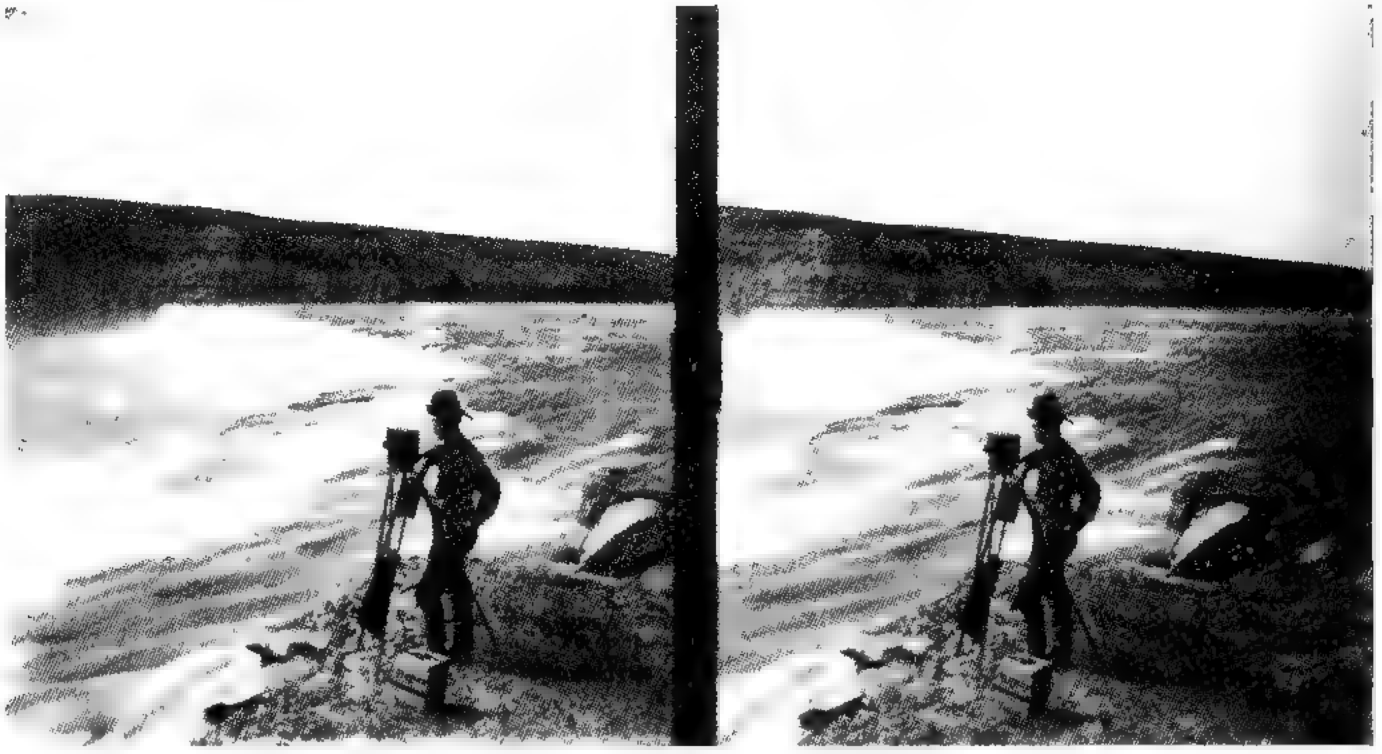

Montana Historical Society

F. Jay Haynes, of Fargo, Dakota Territory, made this self-portrait with one of his stereo cameras at the Great Falls of the Missouri River in Montana Territory in 1880. Haynes later became the official photographer of Yellowstone National Park.

that he participated in expeditions purely for his own interest rather than as a government employee. Robertson was studying photography in Washington under the great Alexander Gardner in the late 1860s when he met George Oliphant of Austin. Oliphant, a Civil War veteran, had taken up photography after the war and now was in Washington to improve his knowledge under Gardner. Upon returning to Texas Oliphant opened a studio on what is now Sixth Street. Among other things, he produced stereographs. He also corresponded with Robertson, convincing him to come to Texas about 1872.

Oliphant published several different series of stereo scenes, the most popular of which was called *Life on the Frontier.* Altogether, the series contained about 100 different views of the frontier. Robertson compiled pictures for the series on two expeditions, one with a geological survey and the other while participating in one of the first buffalo hunts in Texas.

It was the buffalo hunt series which assured Robertson's place in history, for those photos have been published many times. They depict almost every aspect of professional hunting—the hunter with his kill, hunters removing hides from dead buffalo, camp scenes, wagons on the trail, and hunters gathered in shelters trying to keep warm during a snowfall. It is a graphic, totally unromantic portrayal.

If the buffalo hunt photos are any indication, a complete set of stereographs of *Life on the Frontier* would be a national treasure. Unfortunately, time and attrition have scattered them, and over the years, the series was largely forgotten.

The buffalo hunt is preserved because Robertson's original glass plate negatives were discovered in an Austin attic in 1926, and the great Texas historian Walter Prescott Webb managed to locate the aging Oliphant and get their story. The negatives themselves are held by the State Library and Archive, and from them have come most known prints of the buffalo hunt.

Robertson's work is also significant because he photographed actual events as they occurred. Being mechanically inclined, he was able to adapt the bulky, heavy equipment to the rigors of field work and design new pieces of equipment, such as his trunk-darkroom.

Many photographers, especially in the early years, were restricted by their equipment to restaging events or staging them specifically for the idea they wanted to convey. Stanley J. Morrow's famous photographs of General George Crook's Horse Meat March of August and September 1876 are an example. Morrow arrived in Crook's camp with one of the early relief trains that met the starving soldiers on the trail. Many of his pictures, such as a wounded trooper on a travois, and soldiers fighting over horse meat, were reenactments of what the men had gone through during the preceding month. Nevertheless, the march was not yet finished when Morrow documented it with his camera, and the filth, hunger, and desperation he recorded were very real.

By the time L.A. Huffman arrived in Miles City, Montana, in 1878, advancing technology gave the photographer more flexibility. Laton

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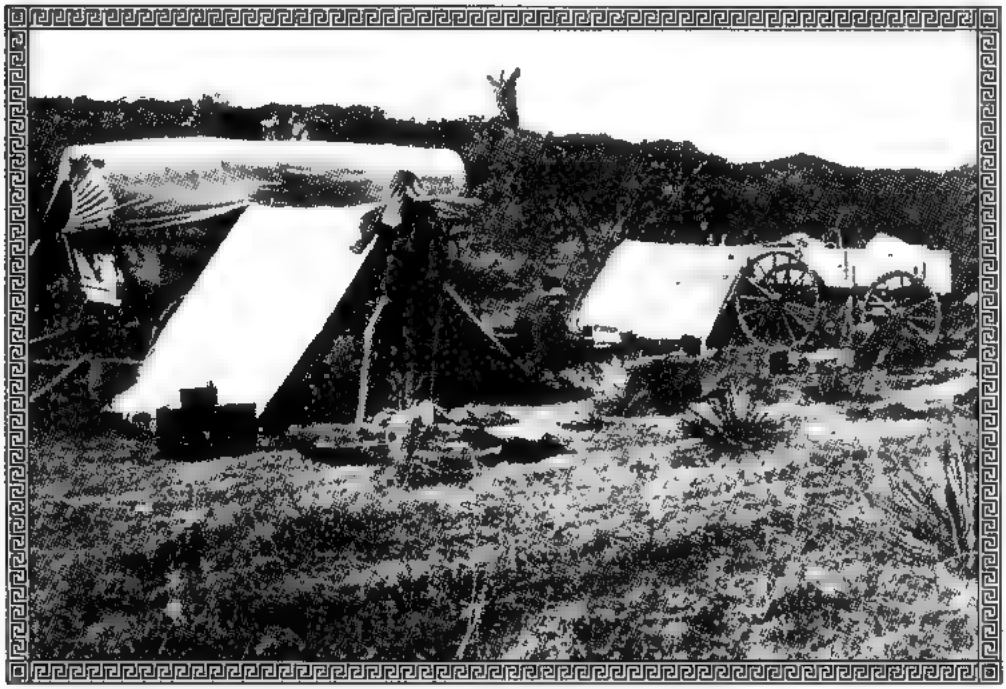

Texas State Library and Archive

This scene of a buffalo hunters' camp near what is now Abilene, Texas, shows Robertson's photo equipment by the tent on the left.

Alton Huffman was born on October 31, 1854, near Castalia, Iowa. When L.A. was eleven years old, his father moved the family to Waukon, Iowa, and opened a photographic studio. There the younger Huffman learned the trade and, when he was about twenty-one years old, he opened his own studio in a nearby town. A failed romance and shortage of cash caused him to move on, working with other photographers and slowly venturing westward until he finally reached Montana.

His first studio was a three-room, eighteen-by-forty-foot picket cabin at Fort Keogh, outside Miles City, where he served as post photographer. That civilian position allowed him a government building and privileges at the officers' club, but carried no pay. He was expected to earn his own way through the sale of his photographs. The studio did not provide much income during the early years so, as Huffman got to know the country, he hired out as a guide, carrying his equipment along and building his photo inventory.

The Easterners who employed Huffman as a guide gained respect for his photography as well, and his reputation spread. By 1881, Huffman was able to write his father that he had to turn down hunting parties, limiting his expeditions to photo trips. One of the most important was a trip to

Author's Collection

Although the photograph for this card of "A Real Live Cowboy" was copyrighted in 1898, the card itself was produced in the early twentieth century. The picture is printed directly onto the card, a process which was not perfected until the turn of the century.

Author's Collection

Indians were a favorite subject for stereo cards long after the West had been settled and the tribes had begun adjusting to the white world. This is a portrait of the Comanche, Horseback's Son.

Yellowstone, and his stereo views of the national park brought him acclaim. His father, a critical sort who considered the work from a purely professional standpoint, summed up the Yellowstone series as "grand."

The railroad reached Miles City in the fall of 1881, bringing with it tourists en route to Yellowstone. Huffman's photographic business grew. The Kodak would not be available until 1888 and, until then, visitors who wanted photographs of the things they had seen had to patronize establishments like Huffman's. He was also getting inquiries from dealers in the East and in Europe, where people wanted parlor photos of the wild and exotic American West. To meet the demand, he put together an inventory of "about 300 good prime negatives of the staying kind."

Initially Huffman used a stereo camera which recorded the double view on a five-by-eight-inch glass plate. He later described the camera as "a primitive thing with a home made tripod constructed almost without metal, the leg hinges and head cut from thick green buffalo hide which when dry was hard as horn."

Wet plates gave Huffman trouble. The intensely cold winters of the northern plains affected the wet collodion on the glass, and the dark, overcast days did not provide adequate light for every exposure. On one trip, he was pleased with several shots of buffalo and sheep, but complained he lost the best pictures because of the dim light.

By then, however, dry plates had come into use, allowing the photographer to develop them at his leisure. Although they cost twice as much as the wet plate process, Huffman figured he saved the difference by not having to buy the collodion or carry so many chemicals into the field. In addition, they allowed much faster exposure speeds. By 1882, Huffman could tell his father, "I can now double discount any wet plate that was ever invented—no spots no blemishes—all clean sharp expressions—pose etc., greatly improved by the lessened exposure."

During the mid-1880s, Huffman switched to a conventional single-lens camera, concentrating less on stereographs and more on cabinet-sized photos. But if Huffman lost interest in stereophotography, plenty of others filled the gap.

Littleton, New Hampshire, photographer B.W. Kilburn could be considered almost a photojournalist with a stereo camera. In 1898 alone, he traveled to Cuba to record the Spanish-American War and show the newly acquired island, and to the Klondike to photograph the gold rush. Others took advantage of modern transportation to the then tamed West, taking pictures of its natural wonders and its unique people for the insatiable Sunday afternoon parlor audiences with their stereoscopes.

Someone once said of William Henry Jackson's monumental western photographs, "Description might exaggerate, but the camera told the truth." It didn't always tell the truth, of course. But the camera—and particularly the stereo camera—presented the West as people had never seen it before, and then created a permanent new image that the world wanted to believe.

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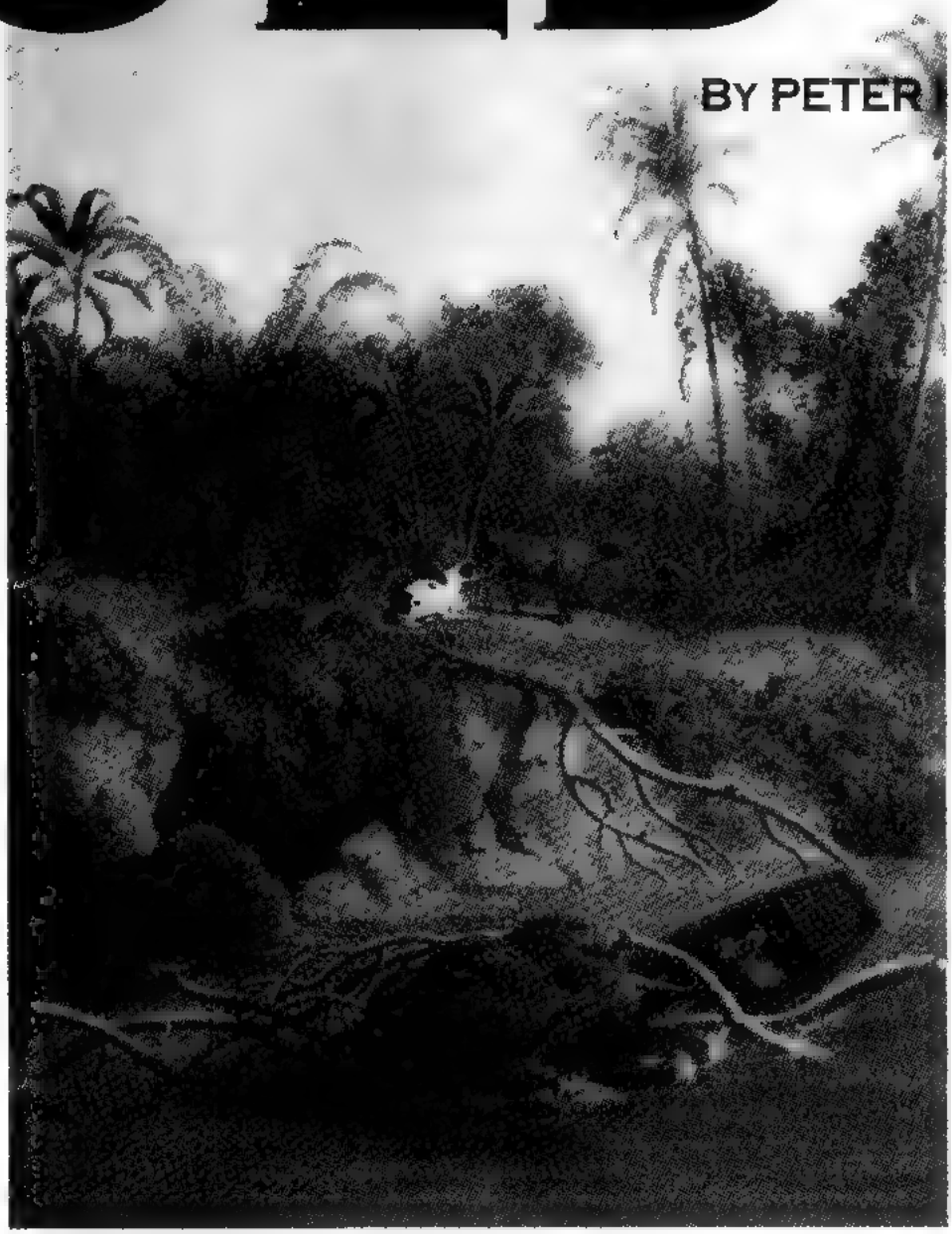
JOHN C

GOLD

BY PETER



The Chagre River in Panama, where John Clapp began the last leg of his trip home.

"In the spring of 1850, during the general excitement of migration to the Gold Region, I was attacked with that mental disease, 'California Fever,'" wrote John T. Clapp, a young Michigan man. "I had before witnessed its ravages," he said, "and seen its effects, and, seemingly, it had no power over me. But the invisible hand of gain seemed to lay its iron grasp upon the tenure of my soul and to whisper to me of the immortal worth of gold. The attack proved fatal...my mind was fixed, as if by the power of fate, and I began making preparations."

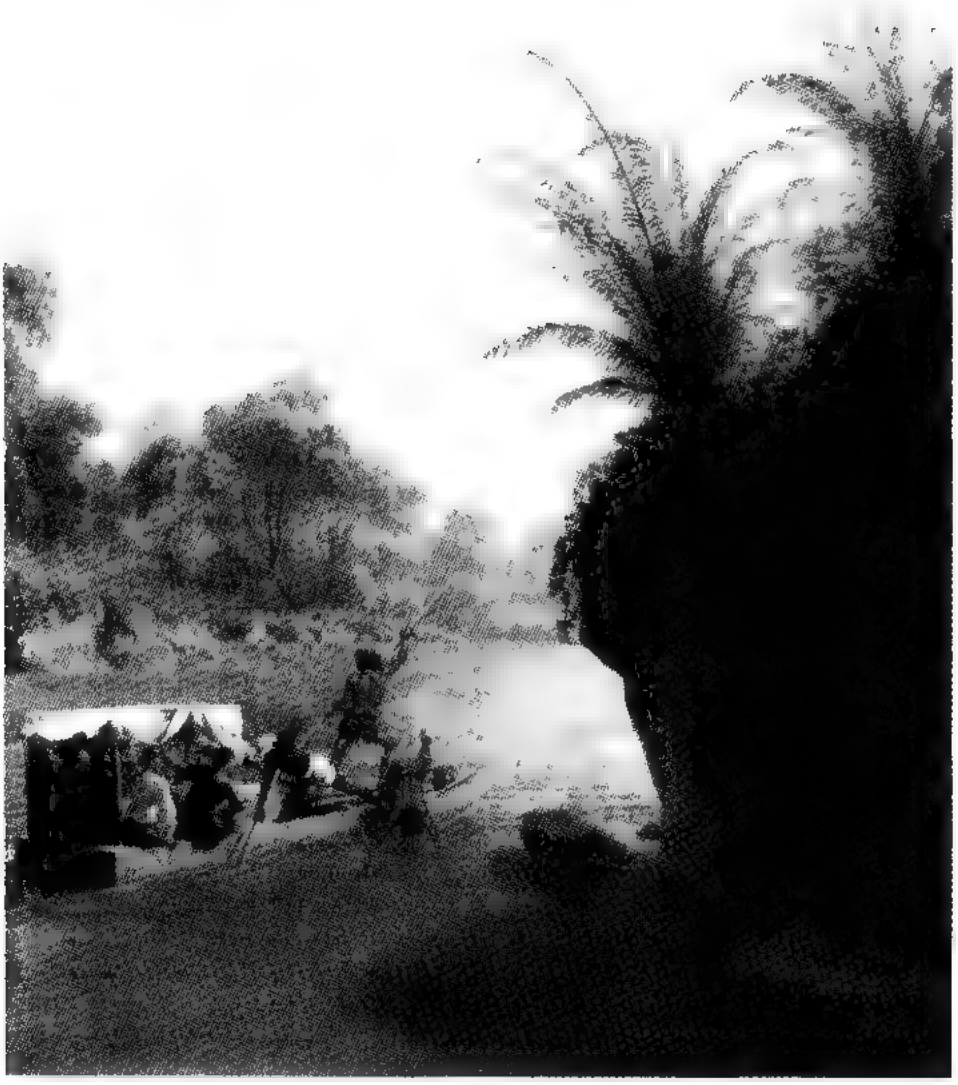
The oldest child of Christopher and Lydia Clapp, John was born March 12, 1823, in Onondaga County, New York. He married a Miss Rickard and settled in Kalamazoo, Michigan. After giving birth to two children, who both died in infancy, the young woman died. On September 3, 1848, Clapp married Eliza Rickard, who may have been his first wife's sister.

After only eighteen months of marriage, John sent his wife and their child back to her parents in Bradford, Pennsylvania, so he could start west. In March 1850, Clapp set out from Kalamazoo, Michigan, for Council Bluffs, Iowa, with three friends, William Nearpass, Albert L. Hays, and Benjamin Drake. Several years earlier, others in Kalamazoo had left with Mormons heading for Salt Lake City. Clapp's group decided to travel the regular Mormon route as well.

"We drove for some considerable distance, on the beach of the lake [Lake Michigan]," Clapp wrote in a

LAPP'S FEVER

DEBRANDT



Bancroft Library, University of California

journal, "and reached Chicago at 1 P.M. [March 11]. Chicago is a large and beautiful place and is the centre of much trade. Here we purchased some cheese, apples, dried beef etc. to carry with us."

"Today [March 12] we crossed one of the Illinois plains, like a vast ocean, without trees, shrubs, fence or house, over plains beyond the power of mortal sight to limit."

On March 19 Clapp crossed the Mississippi River on a horse ferry boat into Iowa Territory. His party had been unable to cross the day before because of excessive wind, and they stayed in an Albany, Illinois, temperance house. By the time they crossed the mile-wide river, night had come and the water shimmered with light from a spectacular aurora. Clapp's group was among sixteen other teams crossing that night and heading for the goldfields.

The log house of a frugal Iowa farmer provided them a sleeping spot that night. Seventy-five other goldseekers were camped in the area. Along with one hundred horses and fifty yoke of cattle, they slept in every place available outside. "In the house on an ash floor which was not so pliable as our bones, the din of voices ceased. Only mutterings of a solitary cricket disturbed our travelling thoughts," Clapp wrote.

After going eight miles the next morning, Clapp and his friends bought five dozen eggs and ate them all. "Everyone fell prey to our ravenous appetite," said Clapp.

After four days the weather turned cold. They plodded all day, March 26, through a snowstorm. At

the end of a twenty-five mile walk they discovered an empty log hut in Sigourney, Iowa. They gave thanks for the many conveniences of the cabin, such as a large fireplace, well, and hay in a small barn.

After dinner they noticed a hollow log tucked away. The four-foot piece of wood had a board nailed to the bottom and was full of popping corn and a dish for popping. "One shelled corn, one parched it, one tended fire, and the others kept up a chit chat with occasional jokes," Clapp wrote.

Enduring cold and snow in late March and cold rains in April, they finally reached Council Bluffs. On May 2, 1850, Clapp and his friends joined a company organized mostly of men from Lake County, Illinois, and Wisconsin. They prohibited gambling and any other immoral practices, and they banned travel on Sunday unless absolutely necessary.

Once in Nebraska, traveling along the Platte River Road, they noticed how appropriately the name "Nebraska"—or "shallow water"—fit the area. Despite the wide, flat Platte River, the ground was dry and covered with slow-growing grass.

May mornings remained frosty and cold. Along with large wolves crossing in front of their teams, expedition members contended with friendly Indians pleading for any and every possession the travelers had.

On May 11 they reached the banks of the Loup River in Nebraska, where they waited for Sunday to end so they could cross. Clapp felt the fresh warm sun on his newly-shaved face. "Shaving my long beard made me look considerably more like a human being."

BIRDS SANG along the shore and the still calmness of the day brought Clapp a great homesickness, loneliness, and longing for his wife and child. "Everything seemed lonely. Even the songs of the joyous birds brought sadness to my mind as my thoughts roamed back and lingered around the loved spot where dwelt my wife and child."

Early the next morning they crossed the river, paying two dollars a wagon for the ferry ride. During most of the crossing they waded in the water, pushing the boat loose from the quicksand bottom. Clapp swam the horses across, drenching his clothes in the cold water. At sundown the whole company finally dragged the last of their group safely across.

"I went down to the river," said Clapp on May 25, 125 miles east of Fort Laramie, "and washed some of my shirts and myself. Yesterday I threw away my coat and trousers and substituted ones I'd found thrown away by others which were better than my own. Daily we saw garments of every variety and many other things left along the road."

Rain finally fell the next day. Clapp was watching the horses on guard

A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

TO AND FROM

CALIFORNIA,

WITH FULL DETAILS

OF THE

HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS;

ALSO A

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY,

MINES, CITIES, TOWNS, &c.

BY JOHN T. CLAPP,

OF

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

KALAMAZOO:

GEO. A. FITCH & CO., PRINTERS.

1851.

Courtesy of the Author

The title page of Clapp's journal, published in 1851.

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duty when it started, and while fetching restless horses in the storm he and the horses became lost. Groping through a bewildering maze of landmarks for four hours he finally made it back to camp. "With the horses pressing upon me as an only friend, by chance I happened to fall into the right course. I arrived dripping and shivering with the tremulous convulsions of the frigid storm."

NEXT MORNING Clapp's group came upon the castoffs of a wagon train just ahead of them. Many articles, including clothes, bedding, and trunks littered the road at their feet.

Early on May 27 the party passed Chimney Rock, Nebraska, which they first sighted the day before. Though forty miles distant, the clear air made it look only ten miles away. Clapp described it as a crude pyramid of nature. That night they camped near the mass of rock known as Scott's Bluff.

Two hundred teams waited to cross the Platte River when they arrived at Fort Laramie. The body of a dead Indian wrapped in a blanket and lashed to a large cottonwood limb stood on the riverbank. "This, I was informed," noted Clapp, "was the mode of disposing of the bodies of those who had committed any crime or foul deed."

According to Fort Laramie's register, more than 7,000 people had already passed through that spring, most on their way to the goldfields. At the time, some people still called the post by its old name, Fort John, and it looked quite different than the army post of later years. Fifteen-foot wooden palisades walled in a yard with houses. A great square tower arched over the entrance to the structure. At angles and diagonally opposite each other, large square bastions allowed a sweeping view in all directions. Three hundred soldiers stationed there kept peace among emigrants and tribes in the area.

While at the fort an electrical storm swept across Clapp's camp, giving him an attack of homesickness. "My lonely mind suddenly flushed with the thought of home sweet home. Yes, I would have sacrificed gold could I have reached my home. The branches of trees echoed the discord of rage and reminded me of the lifeless Indian lashed to the agitated limb. I thought that truly the trees were giving up their dead."

Clapp and his group enjoyed the changing scenery and pleasant weather in the first few days of June, but at 2:00 p.m., June 3, a hail and rainstorm struck. "Everything we had on our backs or in our wagons was completely drenched by the falling flood. On an elevated spot—level places being overflowed—we built a large fire and lay ourselves down in our wet garments to spend a dismal night."

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Roads were muddy and slippery the next morning, and that night they nearly froze in clothes that were still wet and cold. By the time they reached the Platte's north branch on June 6, the weather grew warm again. The ferry rate was four dollars per wagon, and 1,600 teams had already crossed ahead of them that spring.

Later that day, Clapp's group had a disagreement. He did not write what caused it, but it was serious enough that they decided to split up. Of Clapp's group, Hays and Drake took three horses and half the supplies. Nearpass and Clapp took two horses, the wagon, and the rest of the supplies. "The company we joined at the Bluffs had been falling off and separating," said Clapp. "No trace of a compact remained. It was every man for himself."

Their horses got sick the next morning from drinking alkali water. Clapp feared they would die. Three hours later they seemed better.

They started again, soon passing inscription-filled Independence Rock in present-day Wyoming. Clapp's dismal mood showed in his journal. "It's a vast monument, to perpetuate the names of thousands who have passed on their journey for pleasure, curiosity, speculation, or wealth. It stands as a giant gravestone to many, who, since the inscribing of their names upon its marble surface, have sunk into the cold and silent grave—perhaps unlamented and unmourned."

They had difficulty finding grass for their horses as they entered "Devil's Gate." Even swimming out to an island in the Sweetwater River yielded scarce forage for the animals. The situation changed little through the next days as country grew rockier, more mountainous, and colder.

SNOW SWIRLED around them in mid-June, and on the morning of June 14 their water buckets had ice coating the top. The next day they camped among crowds along the Green River, in western Wyoming, waiting to cross. There they traded some flour for bacon and bought two pounds of horseshoe nails.

"We are now among a tribe called 'Snake Heads,'" wrote Clapp, "they're said to be the most savage and inhuman race we are to meet on the whole journey. Three men were shot by them on the 14th."

On the Bear River's Thomas Fork, which the argonauts reached on June 17, they came upon an old man, his wife, and their three children. In crossing a rapid stream between two mountain peaks, the family lost a horse and nearly drowned themselves.

"Here he was," said John Clapp, "in the very heart of wilderness, a

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horse, a useless wagon, a few provisions and a helpless family.

"He took the hind wheels of his wagon and attached a pair of fills to them. On this cart he loaded his provision and hitched it to his crow-mortgaged horse. All of us took up a contribution—among those crossing the river at the same time—sufficient money given him to enable him to buy a decent horse when he'd the chance."

Over the next few days they battled the twisting Bear River, crossing it three times while descending six miles through the mountains. A camp they made on June 20 swarmed with "musketoes very numerous and more annoying than lice to the Egyptians."

Soon they entered the Great Basin of present-day Utah—Digger Indian country—and discovered the natives had done quite well for themselves by trading with emigrants to California. Their clean, pleasant town contained English horses and clothes that gold-seekers had discarded.

STROLLING THROUGH their village, music drifted to Clapp's ears and transported him to home and family. As he drew closer to the sound he found it wasn't any melody at all, but simply an Indian woman playing an accordion while sitting with some others in their hut. "I motioned for her to let me pull the bellows," said John Clapp. "I took it and commenced playing a tune. They suddenly burst out in one expression of laughter, the grandfather seated himself close by my side and opposite me sat the aged grandmother shaking her sides as though a hard fit of ague had got hold of her."

After playing ten minutes, John returned the instrument and bowed out, despite their pleas for him to stay. "They urged me hard to stay with them all night, promising to overtake the train with me in the morning, however I did not accept the invitation."

The next few days were tedious. Wagons creaked through rugged mountain areas. Despite melting snow drifts, the gaps grew between cool springs and dusty, waterless expanses. On June 25, Clapp's party struggled to cross the rapids of Raft River.

On June 26 they camped at the junction of the Salt Lake roads and prepared to enter the Great Basin. July 1 brought bad luck. At Marys River, at the headwaters of the Humboldt River in present-day northern Nevada, someone stole one of their horses.

"This swamp is not miry or wet," said Clapp, "It's twenty miles wide and without feed or water. We carried grass and water with us. The soil is hard clay with a surface smooth and perfectly barren and unproductive. Scattered trees raise their haggard forms, mourners of departed vegetation. Dead horses and oxen lined our road today."

Clapp's party forded the river four times. "Its banks were miry," he wrote, "miry for many feet from its margin where they rose abruptly to a great height. Dust flew terribly and on the whole was not very pleasant travelling."

On July 4 the travelers fired their hunting guns in celebration. Clapp complained it wasn't much of a celebration. "Got our guns and gave the national salute. As we started out we gave three cheers with our handkerchiefs on the end of little poles waving in the breeze, laughing, joking, and occasionally firing a round at some object that attracted our attention." At noon a man of the train got out a large fruitcake brought from home for this occasion. They ate it, sitting cross-legged, as an Independence Day dinner.

Sand slowed their steps and blew in their faces. It ground between their teeth while they ate breakfast pudding. During the first week in July, before reaching another stretch of river—probably the Humboldt—they plodded through an alkali swamp.

"This swamp is not miry or wet," said Clapp, "It's twenty miles wide and without feed or water. We carried grass and water with us. The soil is hard clay with a surface smooth and perfectly barren and unproductive. Scattered trees raise their haggard forms, mourners of departed vegetation. Dead horses and oxen lined our road today."

TWO STARVING TRAVELERS with only backpacks offered Clapp and his group fifteen dollars for ten pounds of bread during their break for lunch. For three days without luck the men had asked others for spare food. Clapp's group, with food to spare, gave in, thinking it a fair trade. Again, on July 11 the road was lined with a vast number of cast-off items, many quite valuable.

Clapp wondered how the "sink" of Marys River got its name. Instead of sinking into the ground, the stream meandered for fifty miles, getting shallower and shallower until it vanished in a maze of swamp grass.

The scene at the creek's end filled Clapp with horror. "My heart's blood ran cold. Dead horses and oxen, in great numbers, with steaks cut out of their flesh lay scattered everywhere. Men without a morsel to eat begged wagon to wagon offering all for a little dry bread. The dishonest were crafty in their theft."

The next day as well, they crossed a salt desert and found whole wagons abandoned intact and full of brand new equipment, stores of provisions, and carpenter's tools. One man who had lost his horses approached them. Overcome with thirst, he offered Clapp five dollars for a drink of water.

Later in the day Clapp found his own thirst strong enough to drive him ahead of his companion, alone. He left Nearpass with the team and wagon and set out in his trousers, shirt, and old black hat. His worn boots did little to keep hot sand from chafing his feet. His heels bled heavily. "I could now wear them no longer," said Clapp, "therefore I

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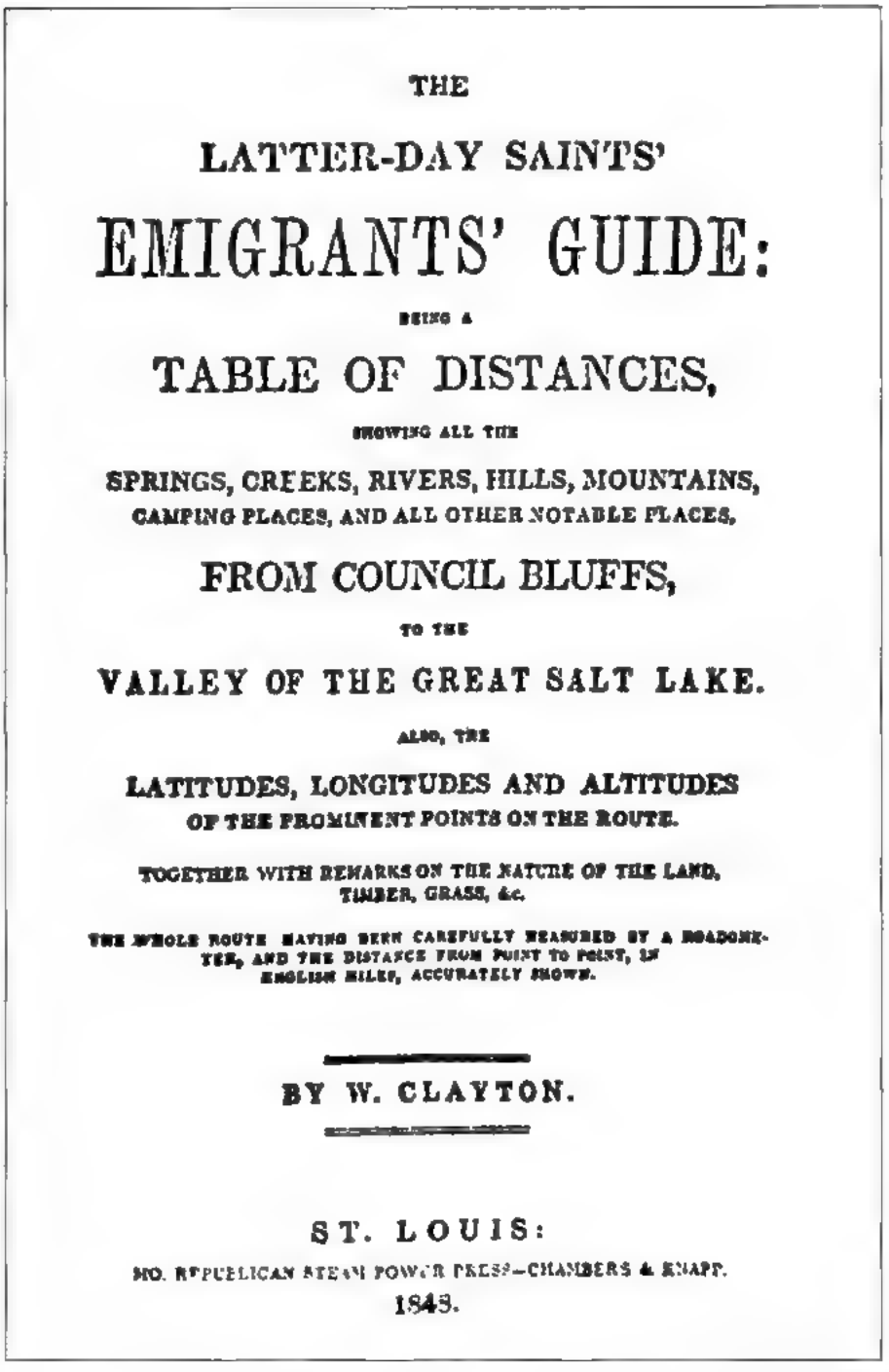
took my boots in my hand and with quick step, putting forth every energy of mind and body, reached Carson River. I immediately waded out into the stream and drank very little and sat on the bank. A few minutes later I drank again until thirst was removed entirely."

Nearpass and the horses dragged themselves to the river. All were used up. When their horses got a little water, one laid down groaning. Clapp offered them grass later, but they just stood with heads hanging. The animals were lucky, though. Clapp and Nearpass counted eighty-five dead horses in the desert that day, along with uncounted oxen and sixty fully equipped, abandoned wagons.

By July 17 they had reached the Carson River. They rested until 4:00 P.M. and then traveled until midnight to avoid the heat. The next day they were crossing the desert again, but not without water. The can full of water they lugged became the envy of other travelers who had carelessly left water behind. Clapp and his friend softened at the stares of others and shared water with those suffering.

On July 19 the Sierra rose before them. "By far the highest we'd seen at a distance, they looked like a mass of variegated clouds rising one above another into the crimsoned cloud."



THE

LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

EMIGRANTS' GUIDE:

BEING A

TABLE OF DISTANCES,

SHOWING ALL THE

SPRINGS, CREEKS, RIVERS, HILLS, MOUNTAINS,
CAMPING PLACES, AND ALL OTHER NOTABLE PLACES,

FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS,

TO THE

VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

ALSO, THE

LATITUDES, LONGITUDES AND ALTITUDES
OF THE PROMINENT POINTS ON THE ROUTE.

TOGETHER WITH REMARKS ON THE NATURE OF THE LAND, TIMBER, GRASS, &c.

THE WHOLE ROUTE HAVING BEEN CAREFULLY MEASURED BY A ROADOMETER, AND THE DISTANCE FROM POINT TO POINT, IN ENGLISH MILES, ACCURATELY SHOWN.

BY W. CLAYTON.

ST. LOUIS:

MO. REPUBLICAN STEAM POWER PRESS—CHAMBERS & KNAPP.

1848.

Courtesy of the Author

Clapp's group followed the Mormon route west to Salt Lake City.

OVERCOME WITH THIRST the next day, Clapp threw himself on the ground to suck the water from a spring. A shocking surprise met him. "As I touched my lips to the water, ready for the liquid, I jerked my head back quicker than if I swallowed a snake. My lips scalded. The skin peeled off them. My nose...was barked up most horribly." Such was his introduction to the Hot Springs of western Nevada.

Two days later, attempting to cross the Sierra, Clapp said in his journal that they nearly met their match. "Defiance seemed now to challenge our courage. This looked considerably like the elephant only I didn't expect to see the old fellow white-headed [snow-capped]."

Half-way up the summit of the highest peak, he found a pair of doctor's saddle bags. He added his little medicine to them and slung them about his weary horse's neck. All around them snowdrifts up to fifty feet high remained despite extreme heat. They got lost a number of times in the canyons, boulders, and dense firs of the Sierra.

At a trading post ninety miles east of Sacramento, a hunter had just hauled in a grizzly weighing over 900 pounds. The man was hawking the meat for forty-five cents a pound.

Clapp and Nearpass found bear tracks all through the western foothills of the Sierra. Their long trek was nearing its end. An old Missouri man tried to get them to sell their bony, trail-worn horses. Though sixty-five dollars for each horse sounded like far more than

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their worth, his eagerness made them think again.

"We told him," said Clapp "if we could do no better he should have them but as we were in a land of speculation we deemed it our privilege to make as much out of them as we could." As they thought, the horses brought more in town—$180 dollars each, paid in gold dust.

CLAPP LEFT his partner in Hangtown, present-day Placerville. After blowing sand had irritated them for weeks, Nearpass' eyes nearly swelled shut. He fought to keep them open, and feared the loss of his sight. Clapp pushed on for the city.

After reaching bustling Sacramento, Clapp heard disappointing news. Thinking he could earn a little extra money at his carpentry trade, he found Sacramento awash in a tide of carpenters. "I could get nothing for working at my trade. I determined to make myself a dirt digger as it was said, wallowing in the dirt was healthy."

At the end of August, Clapp finally had a chance to send home a letter with some disappointed argonauts. "I found some coming in the city from off the plains and having the means or by borrowing the money, leave immediately for home, completely discouraged."

That may have been true for Clapp, also. After reaching the best digging along the Feather River above Marysville, he found that men averaged half an ounce to an ounce of gold daily. The latter was worth sixteen dollars.

Clapp found friends from Kalamazoo and a river lined with tents on both sides for miles. Grog shops, groceries, and gambling houses filled the area, as did robbers, gamblers, drunks, and criminals. "'Take care' was the watchword," said Clapp "'look out,' the challenge, 'Damn you' the curse and 'gold—gold—gold,' the excited echo."

Many miners had dammed sections of the river to control water flow, but on September 24 a heavy rain burst the dams, washing away claims, tents, and weeks of work. For some it was the last straw. For others it was just an excuse to find another river or creek. Yet crowds of gold-seekers kept streaming in from their trek across the plains.

"Some made well while others made nothing even to meet present needs. Some faces expressed satisfaction, hopes realized, while others, with livid looks, dissatisfied minds cursed their luck and damned the fates that seemed so adverse to their interests."

"Nearly everything had failed except some sour meal and a little mouldy bread. The seasoning would crawl out on my fingers, and fall upon the table or into my lap, and skip about joyful of their escape. The fear of a premature death by starvation only induced me to swallow these squirming maggots."

John Clapp had had enough. Nowhere does he mention how much, if any, gold he mined. The filth, fleas, overpriced moldy food, diarrhea, and death may have convinced him to leave.

He found work as a carpenter in San Francisco. With its sparkling bay and growing wharves and buildings, the city impressed him. He worked the month of October 1850 at his trade.

By November, however, he changed his mind about the city. "The cholera, that dreadful scourge, was raging in its most frightful form. It walked the streets. It lay its hand on the youthful and gay, merry and sad, aged and infirm. It sought the recluse, seized the profligate, entered plebeian home, stately mansion, widow's cot, orphan's hammock."

Clapp soon saved enough money to book passage to Panama. Miraculously he survived the grueling sickening voyage to the isthmus. "The little stock of provisions remaining was a particular object of disgust to the passengers," Clapp wrote on December 19, near the end of their voyage to Panama. "Nearly everything had failed except some sour meal and a little mouldy bread. The seasoning would crawl out on my fingers, and fall upon the table or into my lap, and skip about joyful of their escape. The fear of a premature death by starvation only induced me to swallow these squirming maggots. The water that we drank tasted and looked considerably like rain-water, after it had been in a barrel exposed to the sun a month."

After landing in Panama he had a relatively pleasant trip across the thin stretch of land to Chagres on the Atlantic side. He left port at midnight on January 11, 1851. The splendid craft, on its maiden voyage, steamed past Jamaica, Haiti, and Cuba, and on January 21 made it into New York harbor.

HE REACHED his father-in-law's house in Bradford, Pennsylvania, on January 24. His wife still waited there for word of his whereabouts. "I was welcomed by my chosen companion with a trembling hand, a tearful eye, with a brow dimpled with the smile of joy, and the expression of delight, mingled with awakened surprise."

John Clapp returned to Michigan where he became a successful businessman. Perhaps all his travels taught him that quick riches were more fancy than fact. As a farmer, wool dealer, and real-estate investor, Clapp became a wealthy man.

He left a warning to others in his journal, published in 1851. "It is no small task to perform a journey like this. I dare not, would not give the slightest encouragement to any, to trust their lives and fortunes in such a tour. Though they may succeed, it makes life a burden, leaves careworn brows, robs health of its vigor and brings no antidote to the pallid invalid struggling in the last ray of hope."

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BOOKMART

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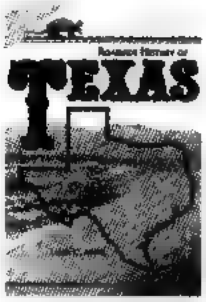

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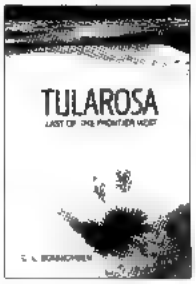

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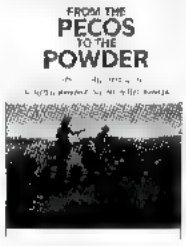

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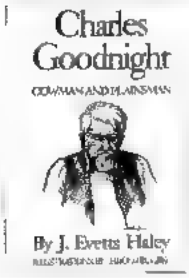

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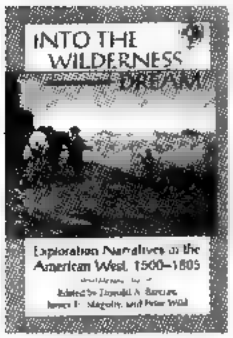

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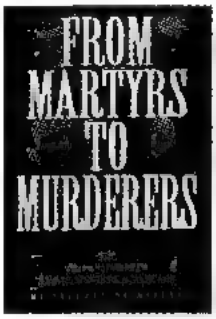

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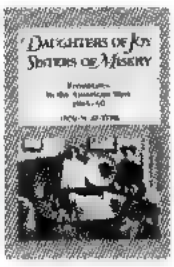

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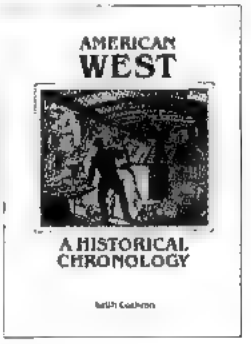

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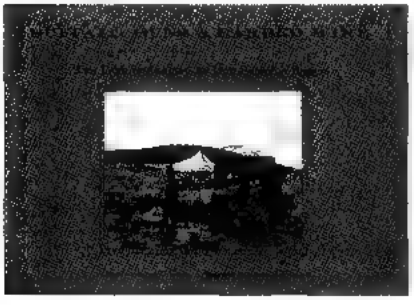

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Mellow Music

By Paul Fugleberg

"In the old days, a young Indian warrior wanted to woo the chief's daughter. But she didn't even know he existed. He had to get her attention, so he decided to go elk hunting and bring back an animal to her family. He soon found elk tracks and followed them until in the distance, out of arrow shot, he saw an enormous elk.

"The warrior tried to get closer but the elk kept just out of range. He stalked the animal into the forest but still couldn't get close enough. Finally, darkness settled over the forest and the warrior settled down for the night under the warmth of a buffalo robe, intending to continue the hunt in the morning.

Ken Light has produced more than 1,600 commercial quality Native American flutes, and over the past ten years he has emerged as one of the few leaders in what he terms the "Renaissance of the Native American flute."

"But during the night he had a dream in which he heard a beautiful birdlike sound. He awoke to the sound of a red-headed woodpecker in a nearby tree. The noise led him to a dead cedar tree on which the bird had pecked a series of holes. A sudden gust of wind blew through the branch, making the enchanting tones that he had heard in the dream."

So begins Ken Light's recounting of a Lakota Sioux legend explaining the origin of the traditional Native American flute, which is enjoying a reawakening on the American music scene. From his home-built workshop in the foothills of the Mission Mountains east of Arlee in western Montana, on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Light is

Courtesy of Ken Light

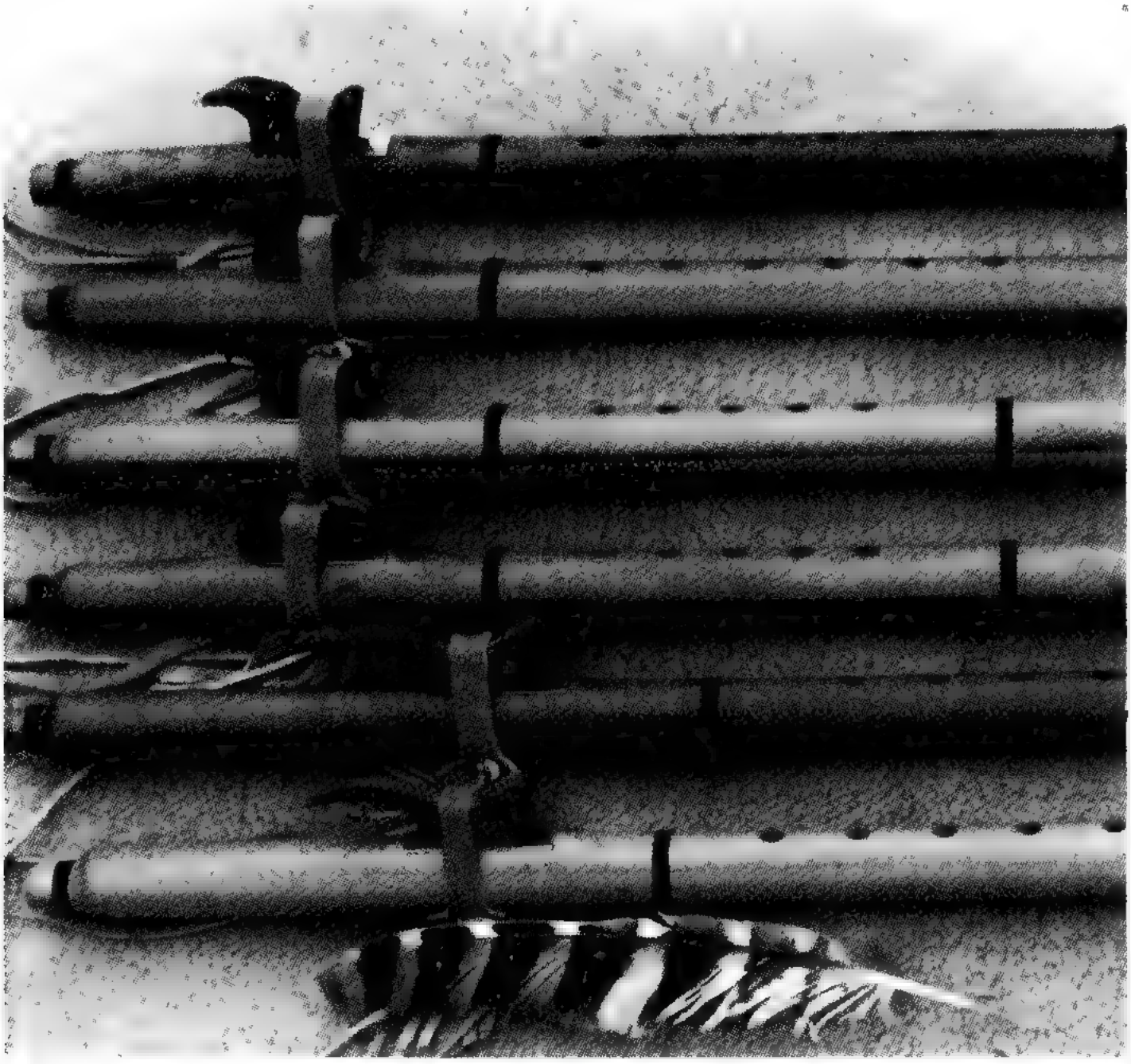
Effigy block designs (clockwise from upper left): Orca (option : Dolphin), Zuni fetish Bear, Wolf (option: Coyote) Eagle, Wave, Grizzly Bear, Bison, Bird, and Loon; (center)· Custom Eagle.

doing his part to preserve and promote this unique form of music. He has produced more than 1,600 commercial quality Native American flutes, and over the past ten years he has emerged as one of the few leaders in what he terms the "Renaissance of the Native American flute."

An accomplished storyteller as well as flute maker and recording artist, Light continues relating the legend: "The brave broke off the cedar branch. 'Ahh,' he thought, 'I'll take this branch with the beautiful sound back to camp instead of the elk. The sound will win the chief's daughter.'

"He waved the branch and tried blowing through the holes. It was all in vain. No matter what he did, there was no sound. But the warrior was determined not to give up. He decided to seek a vision in an attempt to find the secret of the sound.

"He underwent the ritual of the sweat lodge to purify his body and began a four-day fast. He prayed, crying for a vision. Finally, on the last night of the fast, the wind suddenly came up, bringing with it a swirling cloud of dust...and in the dust appeared an old, old man carrying a cedar tree branch and some tools. The man started working on the branch, hollowing it out, making holes, not saying a word. The brave watched intently. By morning the old man was finished. He put the flute to his lips and blew into it—it was that same sound! When he finished playing, the old man disappeared with another swirling cloud of dust.



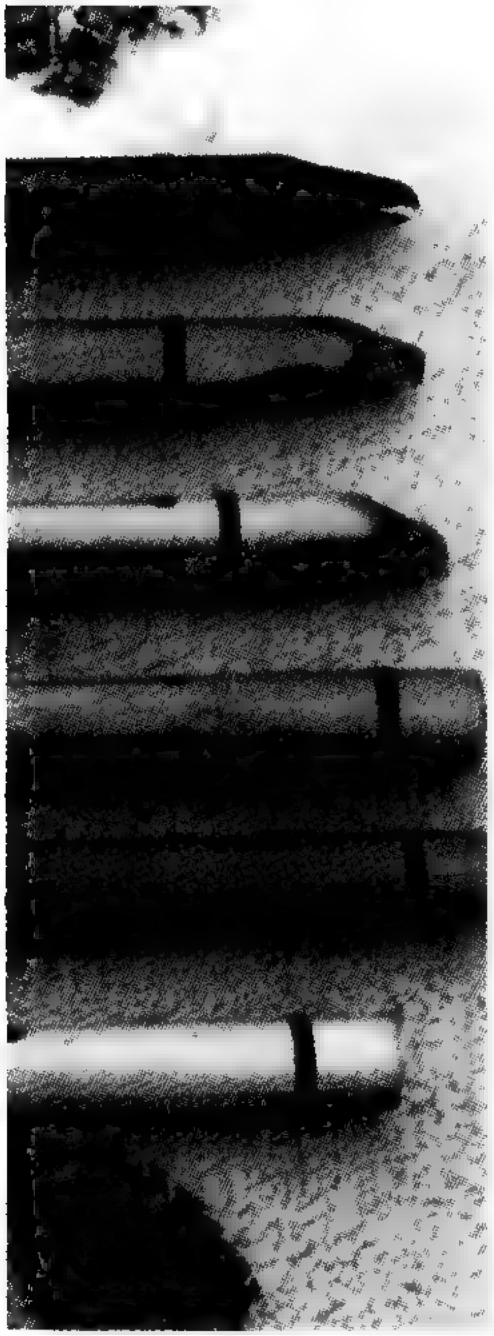
Ken Light flutes, from bottom to top: Sonoran, F# Sonoran, Lakota Contemporary, Five-Hole Eagle, Six-Hole Eagle, Six-Hole Walnut

"But the young man had observed closely. Now he knew what to do. He got the materials, fashioned the tools, carved the flute, drilled the holes and tried it. Ahh, that sound!

"At dusk he went to the edge of the camp, near the chief's tent, and played on the flute the music of love. It wowed her. Soon the brave was pledging a number of horses to present to the chief in exchange for his daughter in marriage."

Courtesy of Ken Light

Closeup of carved bison reveals delicate craftsmanship of Ken Light's flutes.



Courtesy of Ken Light

Ken Light's introduction to the Native American flute and its wondrous tones was not as romantic as the legend, but it is interesting nonetheless. His interest in the flute goes back ten years to Butte, Montana, where he heard Lakota artist, storyteller, and author Tony Shearer play a 130-year-old cedar flute. "The sound was fascinating, haunting. Because such flutes were so rare at the time," Light says, "most of them were in museums. I figured the only realistic way to obtain one was to make it myself."

Through research, trial and error, and the opportunity to briefly study Shearer's flute, Light turned out his first five-hole Lakota flute during the winter of 1985–86. It wasn't easy. He says, "The subsequent attempts... were as frustrating as the first. It was as though the flute encouraged me with success but at the same time gave a glimpse of the work it would take to master the art."

Appearances can be deceiving. Light looks more like a burly mountain man who spends winters on the trapline than a person with the infinite patience, dedication, and the delicate and exacting skills required to produce a flawless wooden flute.

"An artist can look like a wild man," he says with a grin as he sits at a work bench applying a coat of beeswax with a soft cloth to bring out the natural wood color of a five-hole Lakota Sioux flute. Before he started making flutes, Light had taught science in Dayville, Oregon, then at the tribal high school on the Rocky Boy Reservation in north-central Montana, the Two Eagle River School on the Flathead Reservation, and in the Charlo public schools. He obtained his master of science degree in environmental studies from the University of Montana in 1984.

"At dusk he went to the edge of the camp, near the chief's tent, and played on the flute the music of love. It wowed her. Soon the brave was pledging a number of horses to present to the chief in exchange for his daughter in marriage."

He explains, "I don't make old flutes. I make new ones. But my

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work is traditional in the sense that the instruments are all based on authentic tribal tunings. Even in the 'old days,' traditions were dynamic institutions in a constant state of evolution. My work is grounded in traditions, but it represents a contemporary rebirth of a nearly lost art. I call my instruments 'Contemporary Native American Flutes.'"

A close look at the manufacturing process shows it to be a blend of old and contemporary—from material selection and hand-carved portions to state-of-the-art power machinery. Finished products are top quality, tone-perfect instruments marketed under the trade name of Amon Olorin. The unusual name comes from the work of J.R.R. Tolkien—*Amon* means "hill," and *Olorin* is "vision or dream made manifest." Light says, "Our small company bears this name in appreciation for the piece of our earth Mother that sustains and inspires us."

"I don't make old flutes. I make new ones. But my work is traditional in the sense that the instruments are all based on authentic tribal tunings. Even in the 'old days,' traditions were dynamic institutions in a constant state of evolution. My work. . .represents a contemporary rebirth of a nearly lost art."

Light makes six standard models of flutes: Little Dog, Sonoran, Waterspirit, Eagle, Lakota Contemporary, and Large Bore. They range in price from $275 to $750, including cloth case and playing instructions. All are made of western red cedar.

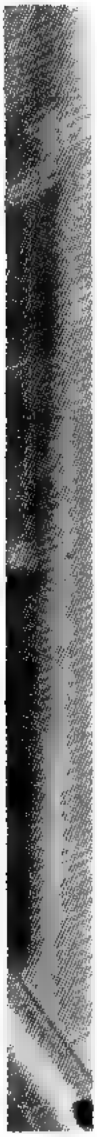
Light's wife and business partner, Enya, carves and hand paints custom designs, among them the bear, wolf, coyote, cougar, hawk, golden eagle, meadowlark, loon, blue jay, cardinal,

Court

Ken Light demonstrates finger positions on a new flute.

bison, orca whale, dolphin, butterfly, and more. The Lights consider custom pieces to be commissioned art work, falling outside the price and availability parameters of regular models.

Light comments, "As my reputation has grown over the past decade and as over 1,600 new flute players are sending out all these new voices to their friends and families, my business comes mostly by word of mouth." He does advertise a few times a year in publications emphasizing Native American spirituality. Ads have carried endorsements of R. Carlos Nakai and other Native American concert flutists like Robert Tree Cody. Nakai is one of the top concert artists in the field and has made a number of recordings under Celestial Harmonies and Canyon Record labels. Once, after vandals destroyed Cody's flutes, Light came to the rescue with several emergency replacements.



Ken Light

INCIDENTALLY, the Arlee flute maker has produced two of his own cassette recordings, *Songs of the Earth* and *From Where I Stand.*

He says, "The person who I feel has done the most to effect this new evolution of an ancient tradition on this continent is R. Carlos Nakai. He is responsible for bringing Native American flute music into the general consciousness with nearly thirty releases to date as well as extensive concert touring of North America, Europe, and Japan."

Beginning in 1992, Light and Nakai began collaborating to offer week-long residence workshops at the Feathered Pipe Ranch near Helena, Montana. This year they held two Renaissance of the Native American Flute workshops—one in March at the Paz Entera Ranch near Tucson, Arizona, and one in June at the Feathered Pipe Ranch.

Light's flutes have sold to clients throughout America and in Canada, Korea, Japan, Australia, South Africa, the Philippines, and Saudi Arabia. During Lithuanian President Vytaytas Landsbergis' visit to Los Angeles, the American Lithuanian Society presented him with an Amon Olorin flute. An interpreter told Light that the president, a musicologist, proclaimed the gift "awesome." It was an apt description.

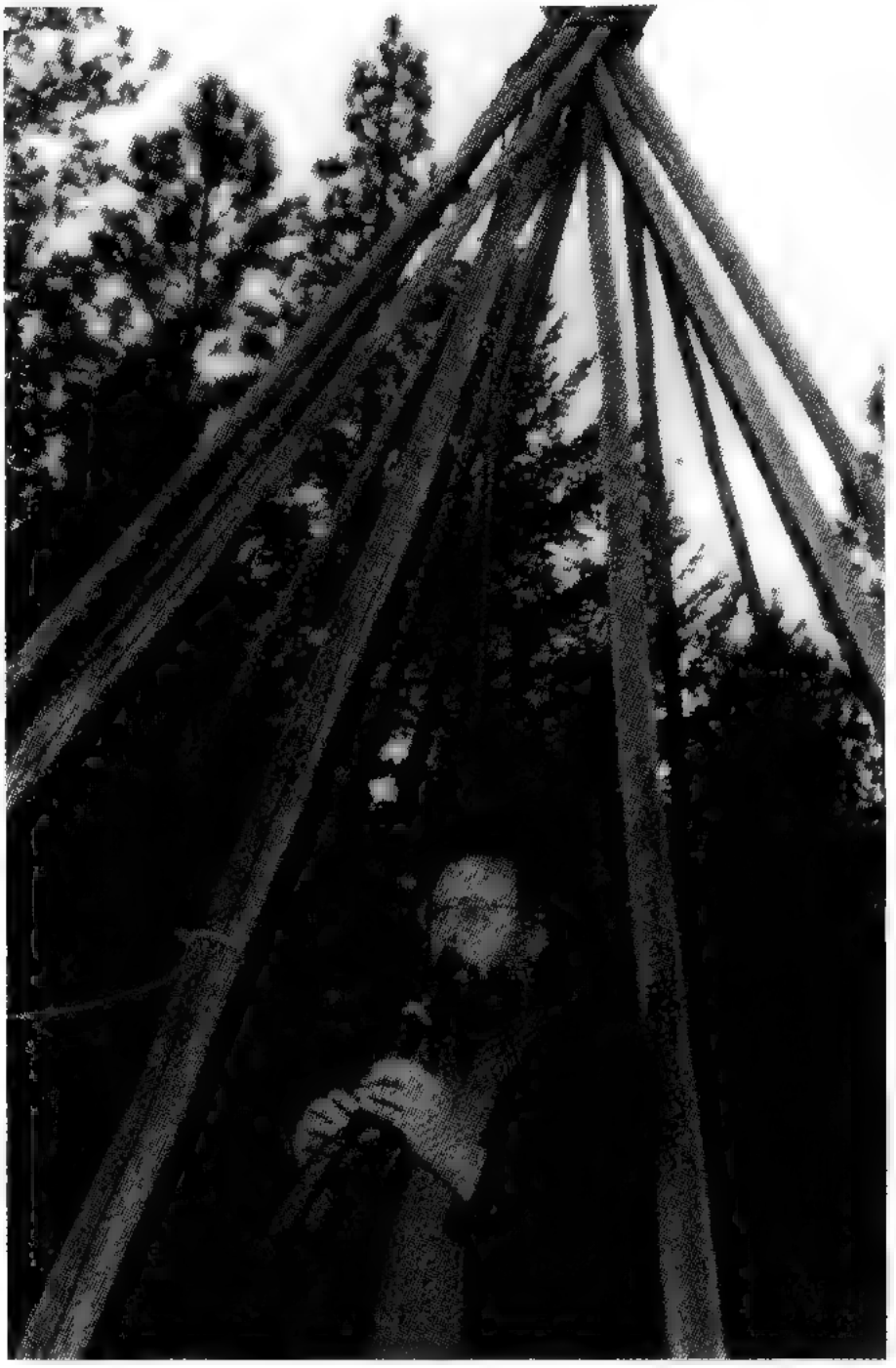


Photo by Paul Fugelberg

Ken Light plays one of his Amon Olorin Flutes in front of a tepee frame outside his Arlee area home.

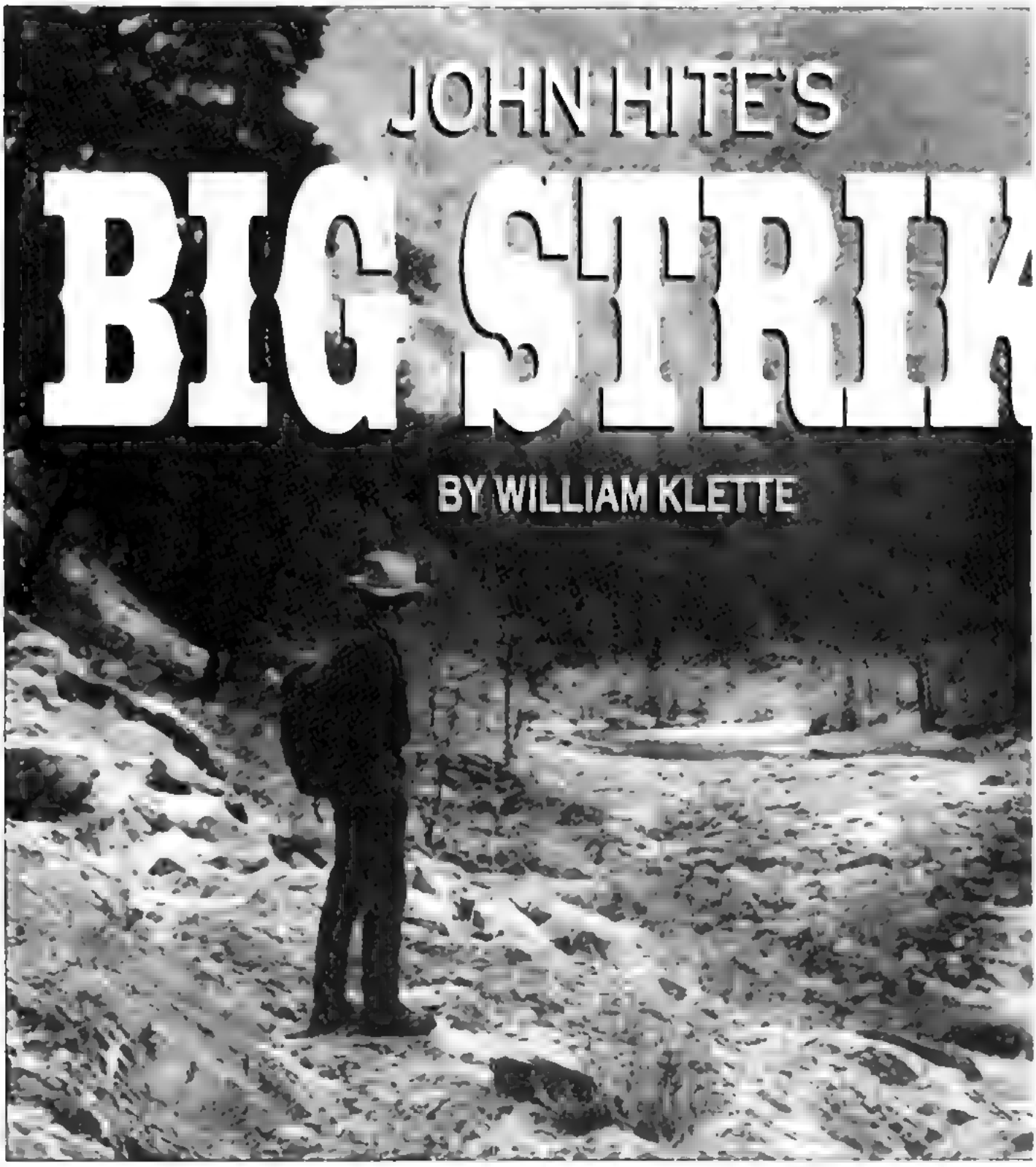
Few, if any, sounds are as pleasing to the ear as the sweet, mellow, pure tones of the Native American flute, whether its notes waft through woodlands and hills on a soft spring breeze, a warm summer evening's gentle wind, an Indian summer day's cool currents, or the clear brisk winter air. The music is enchanting, and it is here to stay.

There's an old saying among miners that a man can be a pauper in the morning, but a millionaire by night. That's the dream that drives the prospector, always knowing that somewhere, perhaps just over the next hill or up that far canyon, millions wait to be found. The "big strike" he calls it, and though he seldom makes it himself, the stories of the few who do are enough to urge him on.

One of those lucky ones was a young Virginian by the name of John Hite. Hite was in his twenties when he arrived in the Mariposa Mining District of California's Mother Lode in the late 1850s, a few

JOHN HITE'S BIG STRIKE

BY WILLIAM KLETTE

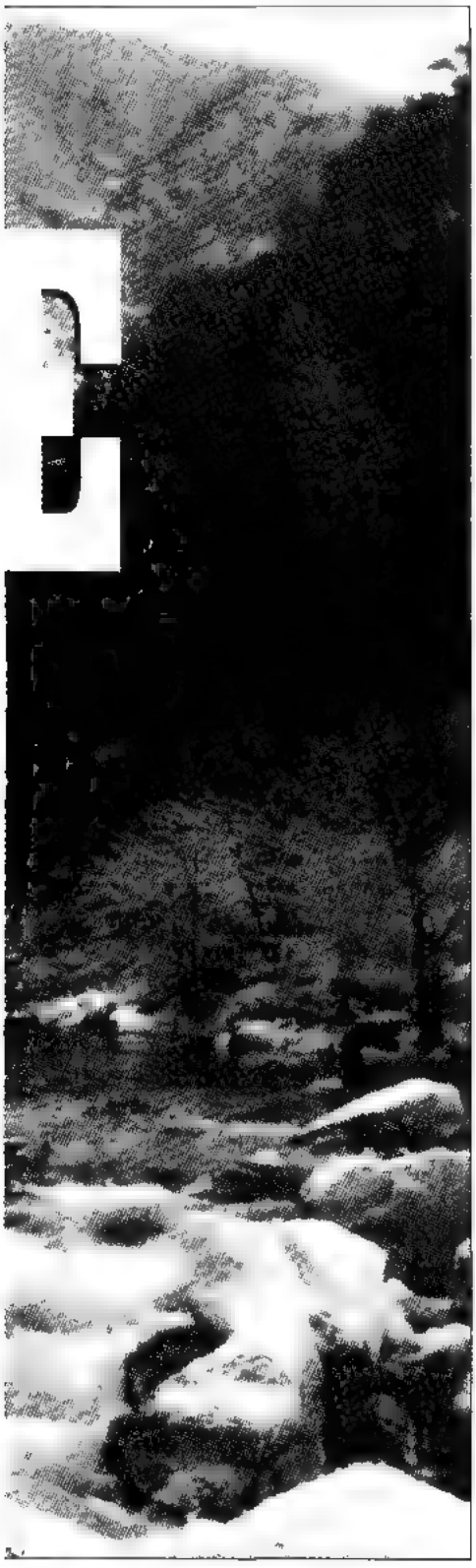


While scrambling up these brushy slopes above the south fork of the Merced River John Hite made his "big strike" an outcropping of

years too late to cash in on the first great discoveries of the forty-niners. With no money, but personable and full of enthusiasm, he was able to wrangle some provisions of flour and beans from Michael Cashman, a

Author s Photo

Nothing but a few stone foundations remain to mark the site that produced more than three million dollars in gold.



Author s Photo

ritz shot full of tiny threads of gold

pioneer Coulterville merchant, and then set out to find his fortune along the steep watershed of the Merced River.

Just what happened next is a matter of much debate. Some said while scrambling up the brushy slopes above the south fork of the Merced, a few miles east of where Major James D. Savage had established the first of his ill-fated trading posts, Hite found an outcropping of red quartz shot through with tiny threads of gold. Others, equally adamant, said Hite was led to the gold by an Indian woman named Lucy, whom he later took as his wife in an Indian ceremony. In any case, John Hite had made his big strike.

He immediately built a small arrastra to grind the rich ore and hired a crew of men to drive a tunnel that would follow the quartz seam back into the mountain for several thousand feet. He next built a ten-stamp mill and began construction of a store and a large hotel with a big garden completed by a "bubbling fountain" that was to become the wonder of the surrounding mountains.

An April 1863 article in the Mariposa *Gazette* reported that high water on the Merced had wiped out the Hite's Cove mill and that a twenty-stamp mill was being installed. A few years later this mill would be enlarged to forty stamps, all run by water power, and would employ forty-five people

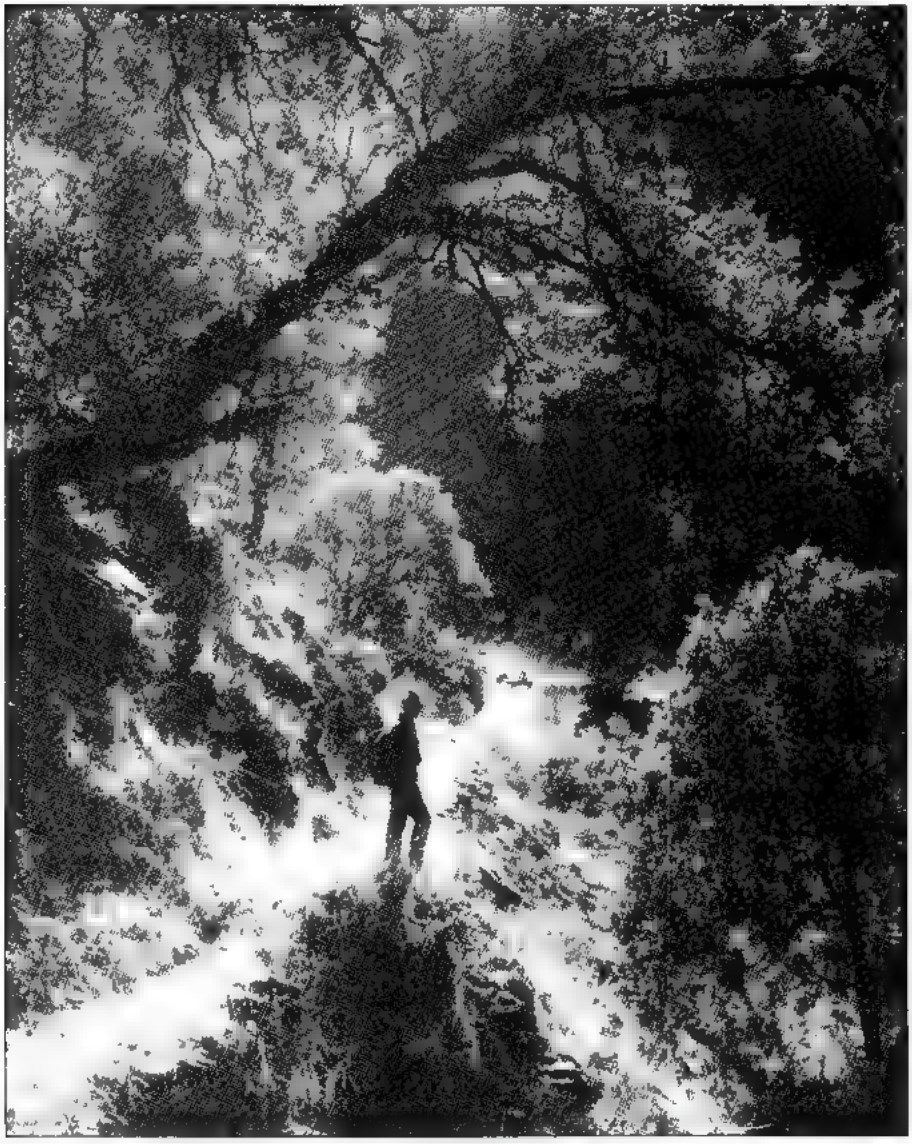
Unlike many other prospectors of his time who sold their discoveries for a small sum or else gambled and drank away their rights, Hite retained full control of his mine and the little community of Hite's Cove. He continued to improve his property, but also branched out with interests that included San Francisco real estate and ranch properties throughout California.

In the next twenty years the Hite mine would grow to become one of Mariposa County's richest producers, with a total production of more than three million dollars. It also started a new gold rush, opening up a series of mines on what was later known as the Great East Vein. These included the Clearinghouse, which netted its owner over one million dollars; and the Carrie Todd, the

Marble Springs, and the Red Cloud, all slightly farther to the north.

And what of Indian Lucy, Hite's common-law wife? Until the mid-1880s, they lived together quietly with most of their neighbors considering them married. Even local newspaper accounts writing of the Cove and the mine referred to her as John's wife. However, as Hite became more prosperous, the social stigma of being married to a "savage" began to take a toll; he started to drink heavily and spent more and more time away from his mine and the Cove. The fact that Lucy had a son, Tom Gibbs, by a man with whom she had lived before she met Hite may have also been a problem.

In 1885, Hite moved away and for the next ten years his exact whereabouts are not clear, but an October 1887 article in the Mariposa *Gazette* reported that he did much traveling throughout California to check on his other investments. Later accounts would say he was in poor health, perhaps suffering "miners lung," and he continued with his heavy drinking. Lucy and her son stayed at a ranch at Indian Peak near Mariposa that Hite reportedly owned. He also paid all her expenses at the time and gave a hundred dollars a month to her son, Tom.



Author's Photo

The trail to Hite's Cove is well marked, taking off from Highway 140 near the site of James D. Savage's first trading post, and following along the north side of the south fork of the Merced River

In 1896, the sixty-eight-year-old Hite turned up in a San Francisco hospital, probably as a result of his drinking. His nurse was a young woman from Oakland, California, Cecilia Nouges, who the San Francisco *Call* said was "half his age." Despite the great difference in their ages they were married the following year.

Lucy learned of Hite's marriage from an article in the Mariposa *Gazette*. In 1899, at the instigation of her son and a Mariposa lawyer by the name of John Wall, Lucy filed suit in a Contra Costa County court for half of Hite's worth, estimated at the time to exceed $600,000. Despite the fact that all her neighbors supported Lucy, newspapers in the area where the trial was being held were not so kind. Headlines in the San Francisco *Call* called her a "savage gold digger," attacking her appearance and the fact that she had a child out of wedlock by another man.

THE TRIAL LASTED for months and the newspapers had a field day. It wasn't often that a "squaw" sued a prominent mining man and millionaire. After an exhausting battle, Lucy won, but before the judge of the Contra Costa court could sign the papers, he suddenly died and the case had to be rescheduled for trial again. This time, three years after she had initiated the first suit, Lucy, tired of fighting, accepted an out of court settlement of $21,000 and the ranch property at Indian Peak. Ironically, Lucy's granddaughter, Melvina Thomas, later found that the ranch was already Lucy's through an Indian land grant given by the state.

On April 26, 1906, John Hite died of natural causes just hours before the great earthquake and fire that destroyed most of San Francisco. His body, being prepared for burial, was cremated when the funeral parlor that he was laid out in burned to the ground.

After Hite's death, a story circulated that while he was attending a mining conference in San Francisco in 1899 celebrating the fiftieth

anniversary of the discovery of gold in California, he was asked how he happened to find his mine. He said, "I owe it all to an Indian squaw. She had lived with Jim Savage when he had his store on the south fork, where she learned what gold was and its value. I was friendly with her, so one day she told me of a find she had made and that's what I was in search of when I came upon it. Without the help of this Indian squaw I never could have found my mine."

Lucy, who had often said that all she wanted was to be the wife of John Hite, was probably victimized by the greed her own attorney, who saw in her an opportunity for a high legal fee. In 1907, he filed a claim in her behalf for half of Hite's inheritance, claiming she was the only legal widow and that Cecilia was not his true wife. The suit also alleged that Hite was of unsound mind and had been unduly influenced by certain members of his family. In this new court battle she lost. She died in 1929 at the age of 86.

Today little remains of Hite's Cove but a few scattered relics. The big hotel is gone, its presence marked only by a ragged row of black locust trees. Hite's famous "bubbling fountain" lives only in a few yellowed newspaper clippings from the Mariposa *Gazette*. Where the mill stood, nothing remains except piles of rubble, a few splintering boards, and two huge, metal drive wheels half hidden in a liveoak thicket.

Author's Photo

A row of hollow, roofless rock squares is all that remains of the miners' cabins.

Author's Photo

A tall retaining wall marks the road where once heavy loads of rich ore were hauled from the mine to the mill

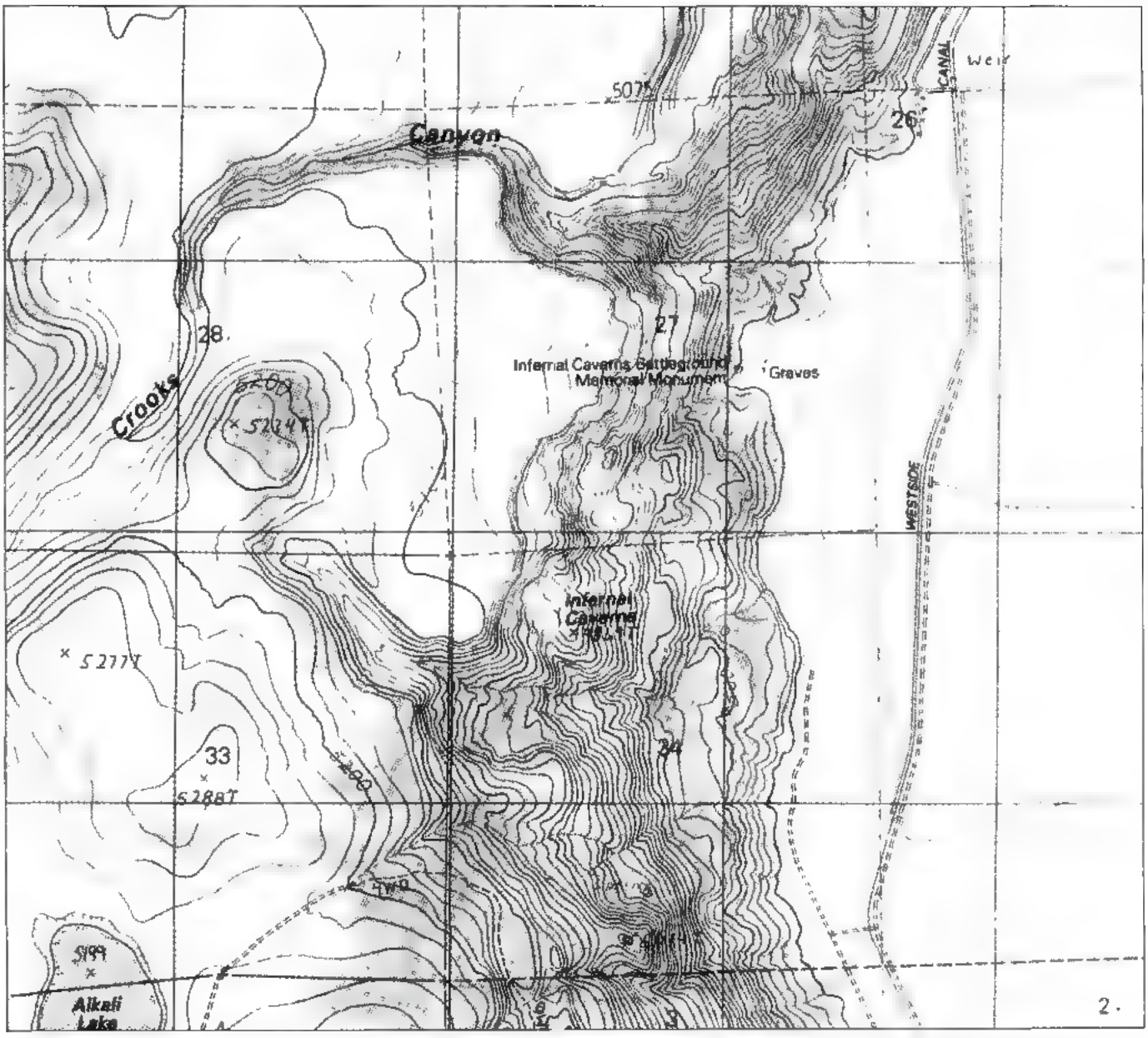
A high, rock retaining wall lines the road where once rich ore was hauled from the mine to the mill. Above the road a row of hollow, roofless rock squares reveals where the miners once lived. Along the river's edge are dozens of rock burrows where Chinese laborers made their homes. A careful search here can still turn up pieces of thin brass boxes that once held opium, thick pottery jugs, and sometimes a tiny, fragile glass bottle.

Because of its past inaccessibility, the old camp has managed to escape the vandals and the scrap metal dealers. For many years only a few local miners and fishermen even knew of the Cove's existence. Now a well-maintained trail leads to the Cove. Perhaps, however, it will remain as it has been, a monument to John Hite and to the other prospectors who were successful in their search for gold—the ones who were paupers in the morning and millionaires by night.

FIELDS

THE BATTLE OF

By CH



United States Geological Survey Map

A topographical map of the Infernal Caverns battleground scale 1:24,000, contour interval twenty feet

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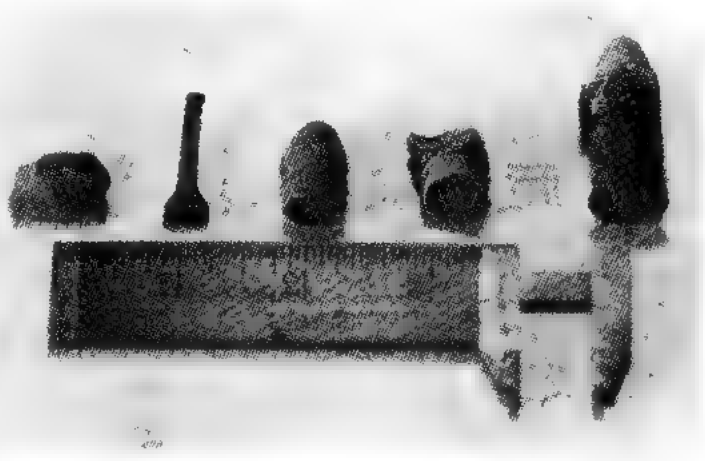
Miniature mountains of rocks jut up at odd angles, scattered from six inches to several feet apart in the wild grasses, making walking nearly impossible. A gray veil of mosquitoes by the thousands teems over the landscape. Startled deer rise from their rocky beds and then stand stock still to sniff the air. Seconds later they bolt through the myriad of rocks and bound into the thickening chaparral. After hiking one and one-half miles through this desolate area we find ourselves facing one of California's most remote memorials.

The six slightly stained white tombstones locked in a cement base stand out starkly against the dusky blues and grays of steep hills and jagged rocks. We stand in amazement before the memorial, an ex-marine (if there is such a thing) from World War II and an ex-artilleryman from the Vietnam era. A bitterly lonely place, the tombstones remind my father and me that many forgotten soldiers in many forgotten lands have died fighting to preserve our country's peace. What is hardest to believe is that these men who died right here in California are so completely forgotten.

Northern Paiutes, a branch of the Shoshone tribe, had bitterly attacked whites since the discovery of gold in California in 1848. The United States Army and the state militia meted out punishment in an uncoordinated effort during those early years. In the 1860s, when the trouble seemed at its worst, the Civil War drew whites' attention away from the Indians. Only after the war, when a party of eighty-six Chinese miners heading for Boise were slaughtered to a man in 1866, did the army become a real threat to the Paiutes.



Author's Photo

Artifacts from the Infernal Caverns battleground. Left to right, a chipped arrowhead, a hobnail from a soldier's boot, two musket slugs, and a .56-50 Spencer cartridge.

General George Crook, a veteran of the Civil War and Indian fighting, was assigned to handle the Paiutes. He took command of the District of Boise, in the Department of Columbia on July 28, 1866, to command the Twenty-third Mounted Infantry.

General Crook set out almost immediately with his troops from The Dalles in Oregon to his new center of operations, Camp Warner in southeastern Oregon. His plans were simple. He would send out separate columns manned with a pack train of mules and a corps of Indian guides. The columns would individually attack the marauding Indian bands, keeping them moving and allowing them no rest.

In early September 1867, Crook began scouting the country between Lake Klamath River and Goose Lake The wily general never marched the same number of miles in one day fearing ambushes. He would vary the distance, sometimes marching the command as much as a day and a half without rest. They stopped only to tighten the cinches on their saddles. Other times he would march the men solely at night.

On the morning of September 13, Crook sent Captain D. Perry and

Companies F and M to the north to scout the country from Silver Lakes to the Deschutes River. Crook proceeded south with Company H, First Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant William Parnell and Company D, Twenty-third Mounted Infantry, temporarily commanded by Second Lieutenant John Madigan. Archie Macintosh, chief of scouts, and his Boise Indians went along.

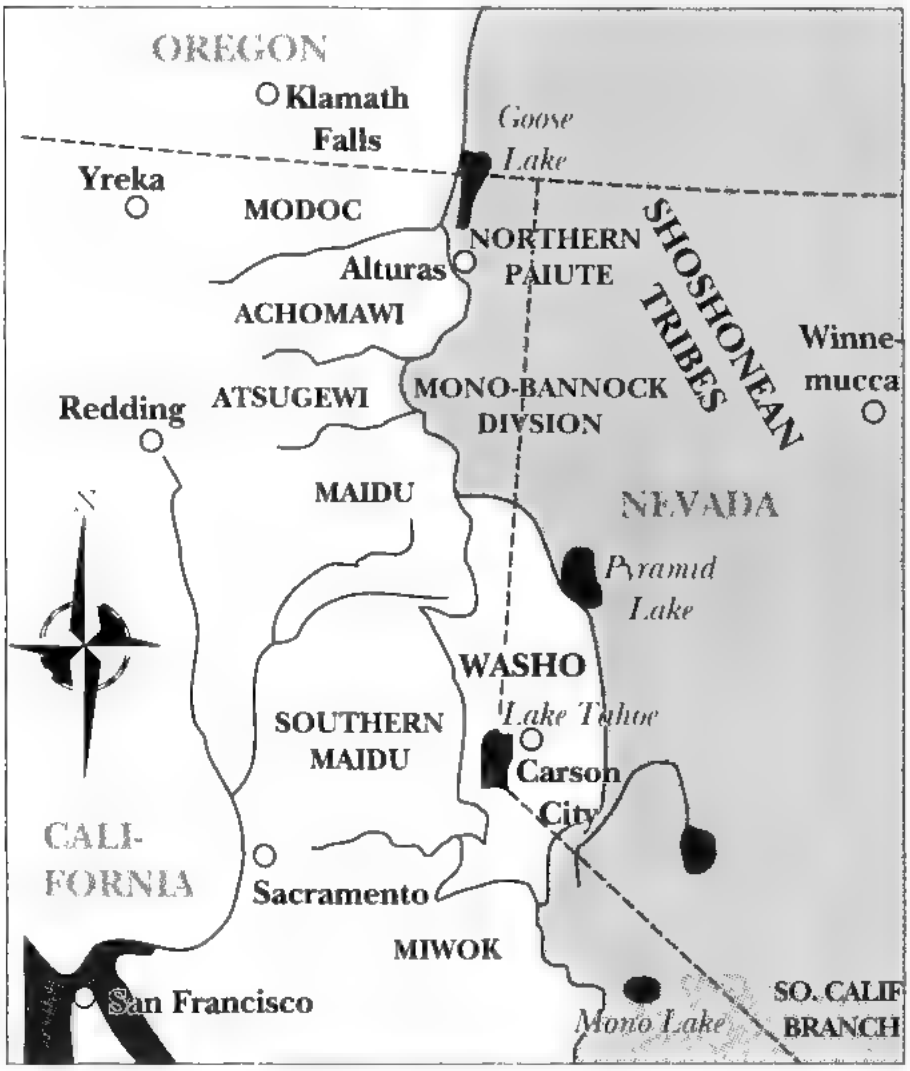
By September 21, Crook's column had progressed almost to the bottom of Goose Lake, and the following day it was northwest of Alturas. That evening Archie and a guide named Wilson went ahead to look for Indian sign.

By the next morning the command had moved south several miles and had camped along the Pit River at the crossing of the Fort Bidwell road. When Wilson returned to camp that morning he reported that he had fought at least fifty warriors about ten miles to the west. Actually, Wilson, a liar and a braggart, had only fired on a camp of Indians and run, alerting them to the soldiers' presence.

Crook was furious. He discharged Wilson on the spot for disobeying direct orders not to fire on the Indians. The soldiers were so angry at Wilson that they were going to hang him. Only a passing quartermaster saved his life.

The Indians now were aware of the troops and signal fires were visible for miles in every direction that night. Indian signs were plentiful the next two days as the command moved farther south. Dark rain clouds blackened the horizon on the evening of September 25, adding to the tension.

On the morning of September 26, the troops moved into the Pit River Valley following a fresh Indian trail and had just reached the flat country when MacIntosh rode up. He reported that he had tracked a large band of warriors into the rocks about a half mile east of the main command. Crook ordered Lieutenant William R. Parnell to dismount his men and move up in line formation against the south end. Lieutenant John Madigan, in command of the mounted infantry, was directed to ascend from the north. On the east side of the advancing soldiers was the Pit River Valley. MacIntosh and his scouts along with Joe Wasson, a newspaper reporter and part-owner of the *Owyhee Avalanche* in Silver City, Idaho, returned to the high bluffs southwest overlooking the caverns where the Indians were holed up.



Author's Map

Shoshonean tribes in California, Nevada, and Oregon. The Paiutes who fought at Infernal Caverns were a division of the Shoshones

NORTHWEST OF THEM, forming the west side of the caverns, loomed a perpendicular lava wall sixty to one hundred feet high and about a third of a mile long. On the north and east sides of the caverns was a ridge of lava boulders. On the south side was a gradual rise which, about 400 yards from the cavern, formed a low sharp ridge with loose boulders along its crest.

The area resembled a great basin. Running into it from the southwest were two promontories of rocks, about 150 feet long, thirty feet high, and fifty feet wide with perpendicular walls. They created a natural barrier and corral where Indians kept about a dozen ponies. On the north end of the easternmost point was a natural fort twenty feet in diameter, breast high, with gaps in the rocks for gunports. Two larger forts defended the western edge, and a myriad of caves connected them to the main cavern area.

The Paiutes knew well the advantage of their position and realized the only practical approach was from the eastern slope. When

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Lieutenant Parnell approached the canyon from the south, the Indians fired a volley of shots. Under constant barrage, Parnell's men got to within fifty yards of the fort. Trying to reconnoiter, First Sergeant Charles Barchet and Private James Lyons were killed. Privates Clancy and Fisher were wounded, and Lieutenant Madigan was wounded in the right arm

The soldiers spent the rest of the afternoon crawling into positions to form lines surrounding the Indians. The Paiutes, concealed in the darkness of the connecting caverns, continued firing, usually hitting any soldier who made himself a clear target.

The troopers began a constant fire of their own, shooting into and around the fort. Even men on the bluffs 400 yards away lobbed rounds into the fort. Near dark, some soldiers crawled as near as possible to watch for escaping Indians. MacIntosh's men were to occupy the ridge below to support the troops.

At dark, the Paiutes began firing arrows and throwing rocks at the troops, giving them little chance to rest. Early in the evening, soldiers recovered the bodies of Barchet and Lyons. Later Private Carl Brauss crawled too far ahead of other soldiers in the dark. Mistaking him for a Paiute, Brauss's own friends shot and killed him.

National Archives

General George Crook, who led United States troops at the Battle of Infernal Caverns.

Photo Courtesy Bill Clark

Memorial marker for Lieutenant John Madigan, the only officer killed at Infernal Caverns. Madigan's exact grave site is not known; the marker is about one-fourth mile from the Pit River outside Alturas.

Lightning and thunder punctuated the lengthening siege. During the night a Paiute medicine man kept up a loud and monotonous talk, attempting to give counsel and courage to his people.

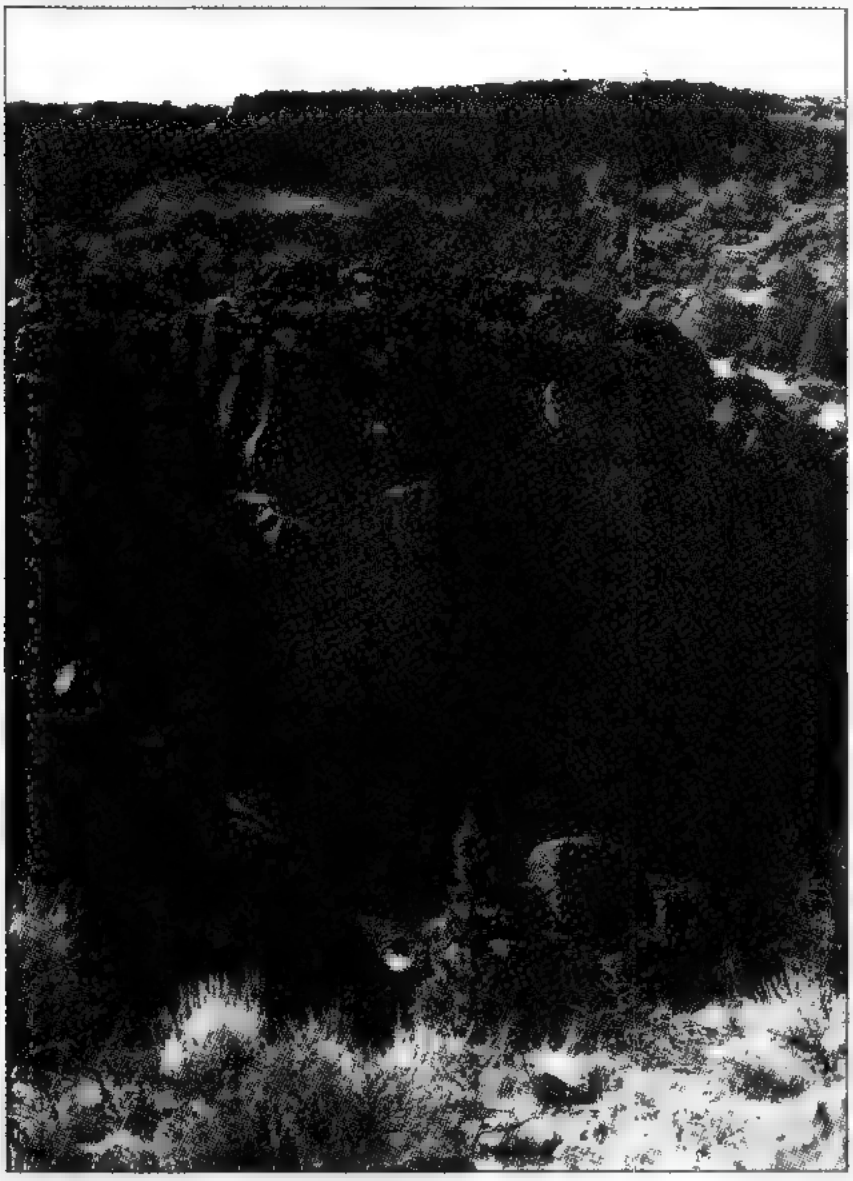
The next morning, September 27, General Crook ordered his men to storm the fort. He told them to "get up quickly and go with a yell!" Crook gave the "forward" about sunup. After rushing about twenty feet up the gully, the men rose into full view of the Paiutes. The Indians unloosed a volley of slugs and arrows, killing Lieutenant Madigan with a shot in the head. Corporals McCann, Fogerty, and Firman, Privates McGuinty and Barbee, and a private citizen named Obe Lawrence Traynor who had joined the column were all wounded.

To make the steep, forty-foot climb, one or two soldiers would push another man up the boulders; then the man on top would drag his comrades after him. Upward they struggled, leap-frog fashion until they reached the rock balcony level with the Paiutes. They were ordered, "Make a breech, let no man stand still for a moment but keep moving!" Sergeant Michael Meara, seeing the Indians through a porthole, shouted, "Here they are, boys!" In the next instant he lay dead, shot through the head.

A STONE FOR PRIVATE SAWYER

The long process of obtaining a grave marker for Private Willoughby Sawyer began on February 8, 1994. After two letters to Vice President Al Gore brought no response, I sought help elsewhere. Congressman Wally Herger, in whose district the battle took place, finally came to my assistance. He and his aide, Phil Mindling, were of great help, as was the Department of Veterans Affairs' Office of Memorial Programs.

A tombstone for Private Sawyer finally arrived on February 17, 1995. With the help of the Modoc County Historical Society, the headstone will be transported to Modoc County and placed at the site on the battle's anniversary, September 27.



Author's Photo

The forty-foot rock where Willoughby Sawyer died when the soldiers attacked

Private Willoughby Sawyer died moments later, also shot in the head. His head and face were severely powder burned, indicating the nearness of the enemy. One old private named Shay took a shot in the wrist which broke his carbine and hurled him down the forty-foot wall. Soon, though, he was back up with his comrades, swearing like a trooper.

The soldiers swarmed into the fort, using revolvers and clubbed carbines on the scattering Paiutes. Some Indians fled through the underground passages. Others jumped over the west wall, among them a chief named Saheita. General Crook, firing his Spencer carbine with great accuracy, hit the chief in the spine. Soldiers later found his body between two large boulders.

AFTER TAKING THE FORT, the soldiers realized they had gained very little. Crook called the fort a "white elephant" prize. Many warriors had just retreated deeper into the darkness of the rocks, where they could watch the troopers without being seen themselves. While stationed at a porthole in the fort that morning, Sergeant David Rusler of the Twenty-seventh was shot through the head. Soldiers carried the unconscious Rusler 110 miles in a double travois to Camp Warner. He died there several weeks later without ever regaining consciousness.

A free fight continued throughout the afternoon, with general firing from both sides. The troopers ate supper in shifts and then rejoined the line surrounding the caverns. The medicine man did not counsel or encourage his people that night. He had been killed in the morning's fighting.

The soldiers expected the Paiutes to attempt a breakout. Arrows flew thick between eight o'clock and ten o'clock and again at twelve o'clock. The Indians launched the midnight volley in high arcs, hoping they would rain down on the troops. They overshot, though, and most of the arrows landed thirty or forty feet behind the troopers.

About midnight, Indians hoping to draw men away from the force on the hill began harassing the army's herd and pack train. To protect the train, the packers were armed with the rifles of the dead and wounded and stood guard all that night.

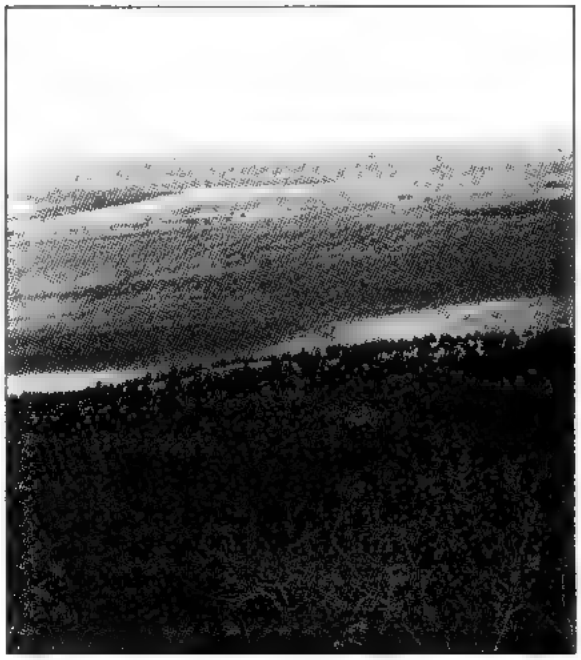
Shortly after daylight on September 28, the troopers discovered that the Paiutes had escaped. About 8:00 A.M., soldiers captured a wounded young woman. When questioned, she told a string of lies until MacIntosh stretched a rope around her neck. Then she finally confirmed that the warriors had escaped during the night, leaving only women and children. She said that of the one hundred warriors in the fight, sixteen were killed and nine wounded.

Searching the battlefield, MacIntosh's men found a deep stratum of lava threaded with fissures and subterranean passages. As the troopers had advanced, the Indians had literally crawled from underneath them, exiting a cave many yards to their rear. Troopers found a trail of broken guns, ammunition, and bows and arrows leading from the cave.

Deep in the underground caverns, women, children, and wounded warriors were beyond the troopers' reach. Most of the troops helped explore the caverns, each man venturing only as far as his courage would allow.

They found dead Indians in several of the caves. Private Bryan Carey went deep into several caves to take Indian scalps, but when he entered one dark cave, head first with revolver in hand, a wounded Indian shot him through the heart. Carey fell to the bottom of the cave, and his fellow soldiers spent several hours recovering his body.

The passageways contained so many fissures that a man could be shot from three feet away and never know who did it. Lieutenant John Bourke later described the caverns and adjoining basin as an "extinct crater, broken off on one side and the rest of its outline forming a mass of cruel basalt piled up in great masses." The soldiers who fought there aptly named it "Hell Caves" or "Infernal Caverns."



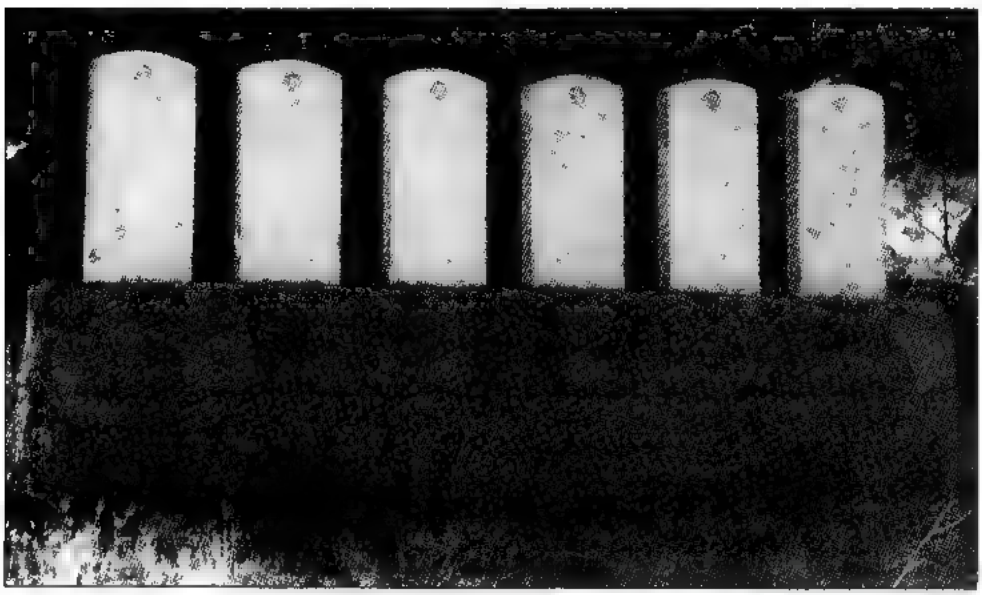
Author's Photo

Looking eastward over the rock-strewn Infernal Caverns battleground.

On the afternoon of September 28, Crook's men transported their dead and wounded down to the Pit River Valley. They buried their dead between the adjoining bluffs and the river. Indians frequently dug up dead enemies, mutilated them and stole their clothes, so the soldiers obliterated all signs of the graves by picketing their horses over them. Then they burned the area over with log heaps. Troopers carried Madigan's body a day's march to the north and buried him in the soft sand along the Pit River.

Crook and his men returned to Camp Warner where they spent a bitter winter in snow drifts up to fifteen feet high. Crook continued to skirmish with the Indians, and by the summer of 1868 the Shoshonean tribes sued for peace.

The Infernal Caverns Battleground in Modoc County, California, became a state historical landmark on June 1, 1932. The six army grave markers at the site, however, are in error. Among them is a stone for Sergeant David Rusler, who actually died several weeks after the fight and was buried at Camp Warner. Not included, and almost forgotten to history, is Private Willoughby Sawyer.



Author's Photo

Six army gravestones at the Infernal Caverns memorial. The stones erroneously list David Rusler as killed in action, and make no mention of Willoughby Sawyer, another fatality.

Five Dollar Horse al

By JEA

In July 1894, Charles Stough, sheriff of the giant Fremont County, Wyoming, was a frustrated man. Hauling prisoners to the state penitentiary at Laramie from Lander in west-central Wyoming was costing him a fortune, and the State Board of Charities and Reform was slow to repay his expenses. Now to make matters worse, he had to transport six convicts to prison, including a likable horse thief whom few around Lander wanted to see jailed over the theft of a five-dollar horse. The outlaw was Butch Cassidy.

Fremont County stretched about 200 miles north and south and close to a hundred miles east and west. The county paid Stough $1,800 dollars a year and paid for one deputy to cover the entire area. Stough could hire special deputies as needed.

The trip to Laramie took two and one-half days, and the Board of Charities and Reform thought Stough should complete the trip in five days total, with no time for rest and no extra allowances for meals or medical attention for prisoners. Stough had to borrow money from the local bank to make some of the trips, and the Board would see fit to reimburse him, usually three months later.

Born in Ohio in 1862, Stough went west to become a cowboy at the age of seventeen. By 1880 he was homesteading on the Sweetwater River in central Wyoming and working as a cowboy for the huge 71 Quarter Circle Ranch that stretched south into Colorado. Cowboys on the 71 were a mixed bunch. Many were horse and cattle thieves, but the ranch also produced three future Fremont County sheriffs—Stough, Arthur Sparhawk, and Billy Johnson.

About 1885, Stough and his neighbor, Jack Cooper, were moving a herd of cattle on the range when another neighbor, Ben Westfall, who had a bunch of cattle across the river, started waving his hat. The weather was cold and Stough and Cooper were attempting to move their cattle across the ice. Cooper and Westfall had been partners on some cattle also, and Cooper wanted to cut a few head out of the bunch Westfall had gathered. He headed towards Westfall and suddenly he and his horse went down in a hail of gunfire. Westfall and his two brothers had shot Cooper. Ben Westfall fled the state and was not heard from for many years.

The April 15, 1892, Fremont Clipper *in Lander reported, "Two men, Cassidy and Hainer, well known in this locality, were arrested in the eighth day of this month, in Star Valley…on a charge of horse stealing. Cassidy offered considerable resistance, saying when ordered to throw up his hands, 'Never to you sons of b———.'*

No one ever learned Westfall's reason for killing Cooper. Two years later, Stough married Minnie Cooper, Jack's widow, and helped her raise her children by Cooper. By then, Stough had been elected sheriff. They lived in the sheriff's quarters by the jail in the newly built courthouse, and a shivaree was held for them in the court room.

The outlaw who would trouble Stough, Robert Leroy Parker—Butch Cassidy—arrived in the Wind River country around 1889 and partnered with a young fellow named Al Hainer. They built a cabin on Horse Creek above the community of Neversweat, so-named because the fellows who lived there did not like to work and would rather steal cattle than buy them. Using the alias George Cassidy, young Parker became well liked. Cassidy and Hainer worked for Lander banker Eugene Amoretti on his EA Ranch. Cassidy soon became good friends with Amoretti's son, Gene, and later, after Cassidy gained fame as leader of the Wild Bunch, folks could say that he never robbed his friend Amoretti's bank.

Cassidy also became friends with a neighboring family, John and Margaret Simpson—relatives of Wyoming's present United States Senator Al Simpson. Cassidy and Hainer spent Christmas 1889 with the Simpsons. Will Simpson would recall, "It cannot be said that anyone brightened up at the sign of Al Hainer, but Cassidy brought the spirit of frolic with him. Before dinner was on the table, those who grinned in silence were beginning to laugh out loud." Later that same winter Cassidy rode 120 miles round-trip to Fort Washakie for medicine for the Simpson's child who had influenza.

Andrew Manseau, who ranched nearby, recalled that Cassidy and Hainer spent the winter on the

TO UNZ.ORG

1 Frustrated Sheriff

ATHISEN

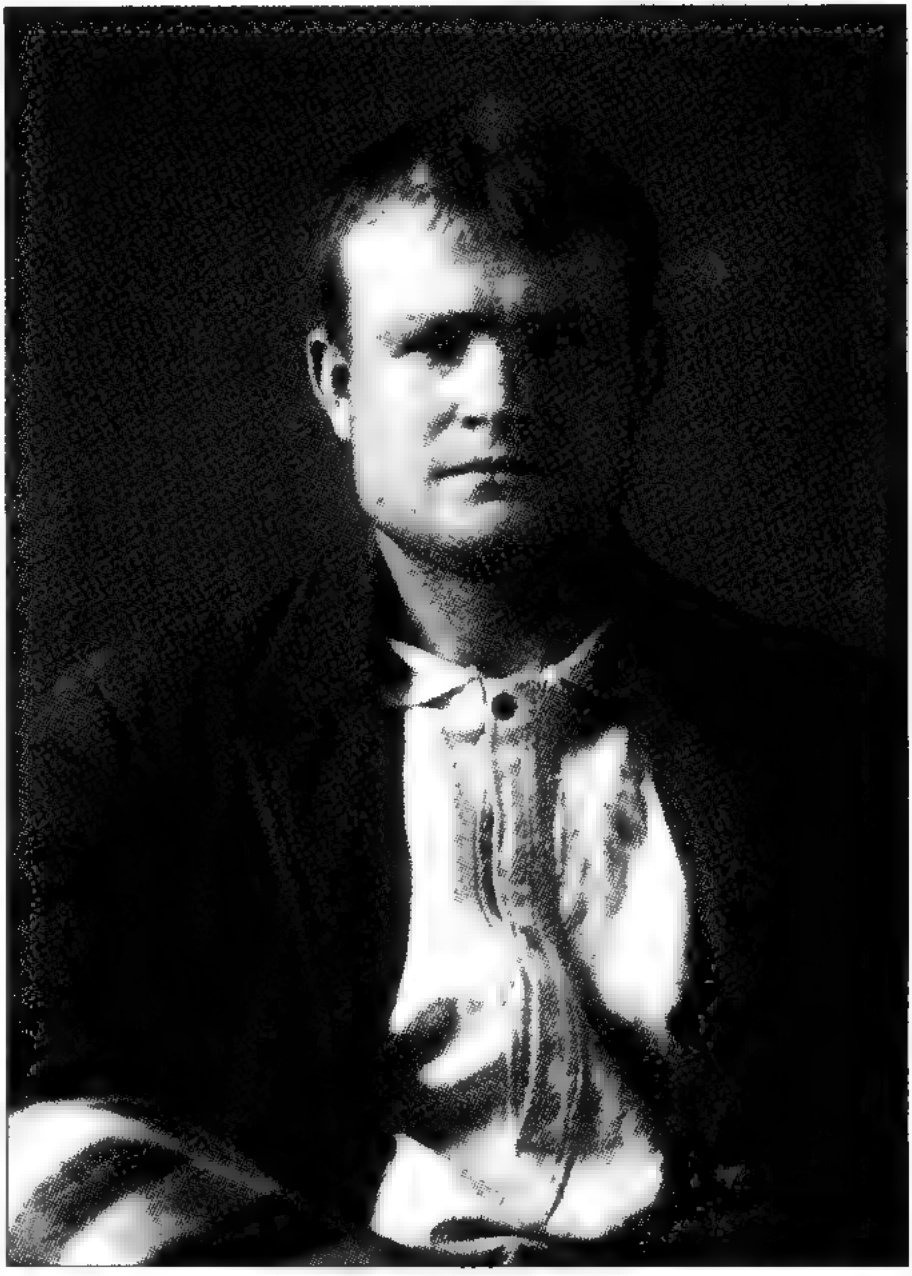
place north of him and had some race horses. They bought hay from Manseau, who said he charged them plenty. Also in 1889, Cassidy took part in his first bank robbery in Telluride, Colorado.

Cassidy and Hainer prospered and some folks wondered how they did so well on cowboy wages. In the early 1890s Cassidy also came up with a ranch, the Quien Sabe, near Shoshoni. The Quien Sabe was situated perfectly for a horse thief to keep an eye out for any lawmen. Nestled at the edge of the Copper Mountains, it gave a vast view of the desert below.

Horse stealing was big business in Fremont County. Several huge ranches were in the area, including Henry Lovell's ranch, the Embar, and Otto Franc's Pitchfork. They kept a close eye on some suspected thieves, one of them a man named Joseph Nutcher.

In August 1891, Cassidy stopped at Emery Burnaugh's mail camp road ranch to rest on his way between Horse Creek and the Quien Sabe. Nutcher rode in with three handsome horses—a brown, a sorrel, and a grey. Cassidy liked the horses and bought them without checking Nutcher's papers, a mistake that would earn him a prison sentence.

On August 28, 1891, Otto Franc, acting as justice of the peace, swore out a complaint on behalf of Richard Ashworth, his absentee neighbor, against Cassidy and Hainer for stealing one horse. John Chapman, an early settler in the basin, volunteered to track the two men. He heard that Cassidy and Hainer had headed for Evanston in southwestern Wyoming. When Chapman arrived there, Deputy Bob Calverly was assigned to accompany him.



Wyoming State Museum

Butch Cassidy in a photo taken at the Wyoming penitentiary after Fremont County Sheriff Charles Stough took him there in July 1894.

In April 1892 they got word that Cassidy and Hainer were hiding in Star Valley, 150 miles north of Evanston. Calverly got the drop on

Hainer and apprehended him with little difficulty.

Cassidy was a different story. The April 15, 1892, *Fremont Clipper* in Lander reported, "Two men, Cassidy and Hainer, well known in this locality, were arrested in the eighth day of this month, in Star Valley...on a charge of horse stealing. Cassidy offered considerable resistance, saying when ordered to throw up his hands, 'Never to you sons of b———.' At which one of the arresting party, Bob Calverly, grappled with him and after a desperate struggle in which the desperado was beaten senseless, and the cuffs and shackles were applied to his limbs, he was conveyed to prison at Evanston."

Calverly later wrote, "I told him I had a warrant for him and he said, 'Well, get to shooting.'" Both pulled guns. In the melee, a bullet scraped Cassidy in the upper forehead, dropping him. Fremont County Sheriff Stough transported Cassidy and Hainer back to Lander where both remained in jail until July 16, 1892.

Both went before Judge Jesse Knight (later a member of Wyoming's supreme court) and were charged with one count of grand larceny. They pleaded not guilty and were released on a $400 bond, which local businessmen funded. The prosecution asked for a continuance until the court's July 1893 session because witnesses John Chapman and John Thomas were not available.

But by then defense witness Nutcher would be in the pen at Laramie for horse stealing. The lack of his testimony would cost Cassidy dearly.

When the court reconvened in June 1893, attorneys C.F. Rathbun and D.A. Preston (later Wyoming attorney general) represented Cassidy and Hainer. The prosecuting attorney was Will Simpson, and his family at Dubois nearly disowned him for prosecuting their good friend. At the last minute Simpson bowed out, and Judge M.C. Brown took his place. The defense attorneys offered no arguments, as they thought the state had no case. The jury was out two hours and returned a verdict of not guilty.

Not to be outfoxed, on June 19, 1893, Otto Franc filed a second complaint against Cassidy and Hainer for the theft of the second horse in Nutcher's string. Cassidy was released on a second $400 bond posted by rancher Eli Signor and hotel keeper Leonard Short.

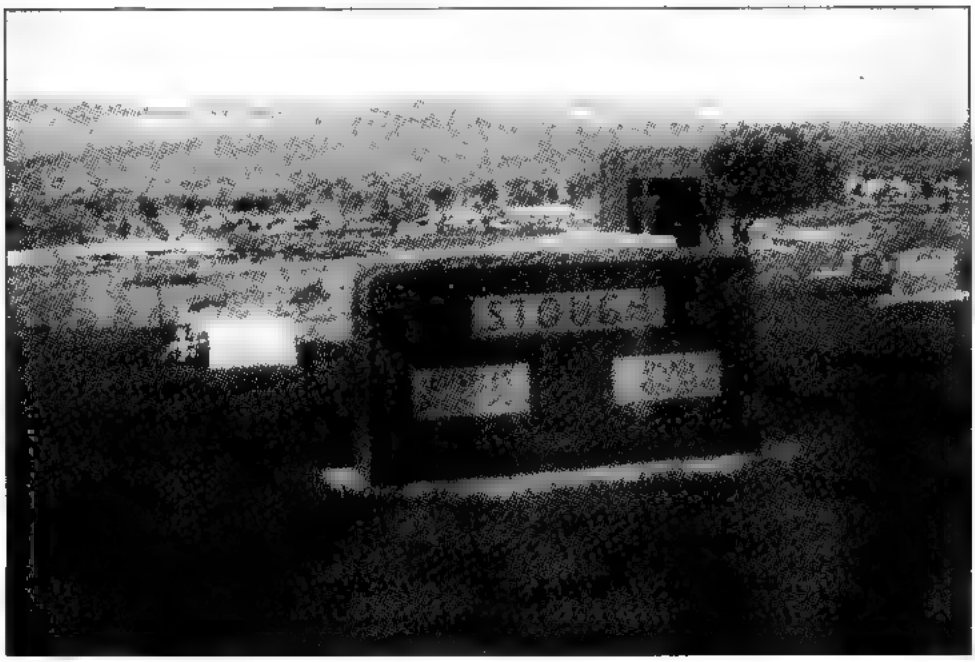
By then Hainer was back on Wind River and Charles Stough had to travel up country to arrest him. When Stough asked for Hainer's gun, Al said, "No, Charley, I won't give you the gun until we get to Lander. You will have no trouble

Author's Photo

The home of Charles Stough, as it appears today, in Lander, Wyoming.

from me." At the courthouse in Lander, Hainer said, "Well, Charley, here is the gun. Now the reason I didn't give you the gun was there were some men laying for me and I wanted a chance I would not have had if you had all the guns." Stough often said later that Hainer could have killed him a dozen times on the trip.

On July 4, 1894, the jury convicted Cassidy. "We the jury find the above named defendant George Cassidy guilty of horse stealing, as charged in the information, and we find the value of property stolen to be $5.00. And we find the above named defendant Al Hainer not guilty." The defense lawyers filed a motion for a new trial but the motion was denied. On July 10, 1894, Judge Knight sentenced Cassidy to two years hard labor at the Wyoming penitentiary at Laramie.



Author's Photo

The tombstone of Charles and Minnie Stough in the Mt. Hope Cemetery overlooking Lander Valley.

STOUGH WAS worried. Cassidy was popular with the locals, and he also had to transport three other horse thieves, a killer, and a bull killer to the pen. They were eighteen-year-old William Nichol, sentenced to three years for horse theft; twenty-one-year-old Harry Gilchrist, convicted of horse stealing; thirty-nine-year-old Isaac Winkle, convicted of killing one of Otto Franc's bulls; sixteen-year-old Charles Brown, convicted of horse theft; and twenty-three-year-old William Wheaton, convicted of manslaughter.

Stough took along his deputy, Harry Logue, town constable Henry Boedeker, J.C. Baldwin, and one other guard. As he had so many prisoners, Stough decided to make the trip to Rawlins by buckboard rather than stage. They camped out along the way. When they arrived at the pen, Warden A.W. Adams was aghast because Cassidy was not in shackles. Cassidy retorted, "Honor among thieves, I guess."

Otto Franc was satisfied. He noted in his diary entry of July 9, 1894, "I return from Lander;...I had Winkle convicted of killing one Pitchfork bull and Cassidy for horse stealing."

Butch Cassidy, the happy-go-lucky cowboy and sometime horse thief became bitter in prison. He was angry at having been convicted over a five-dollar horse. Lula Parker Betenson, Cassidy's sister, later wrote, "Several times my brother expressed his bitterness for being sent to prison for the theft of a horse valued at $5." He was pardoned January 6, 1896, by Governor William A. Richards after serving eighteen months. Richards pardoned Cassidy on the condition he would conduct no further outlaw activities in Wyoming. Cassidy agreed, but the embittered ex-horse thief left prison with a plan. Soon he began organizing the men who would become the legendary Wild Bunch.

Butch Cassidy, the happy-go-lucky cowboy and sometime horse thief became bitter in prison. He was angry at having been convicted over a five-dollar horse. Lula Parker Betenson, Cassidy's sister, later wrote, "Several times my brother expressed his bitterness for being sent to prison for the theft of a horse valued at $5."

As for Sheriff Charley Stough, Orson Grimmett defeated him for sheriff in 1896. He won a seat in the state legislature, and was re-elected as Fremont County sheriff in 1900, serving until 1910. Then he ran for county commissioner and served ably in that job until he died of stomach cancer in 1923

The Board of Charities and Reform showed Stough no mercy on his billing for transporting the six prisoners in July 1894. They questioned his need for so many guards. Stough wrote, "I wish to call the Board's attention to the fact of my having two guards, was on account of the stage being unable to take us all at one load, and again on the other hand, we had some very hard cases and was liable to meet with trouble at any moment." Stough was finally reimbursed for the trip—three months later.

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Reinterpreting the Sand Creek Massacre

Blood at Sand Creek: The Massacre Revisited, by Bob Scott. (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 312 Main Street, Caldwell, Idaho 83605. $8.95 paper bound.)

By reinterpreting the Sand Creek massacre of 1864, Bob Scott has taken on the role of a pioneer, facing the arrows of western history revisionists. His *Blood at Sand Creek* is counter-revisionism.

On November 29, 1864, the Third Colorado Volunteers, led by Civil War hero John Chivington, attacked and killed between 150 and 500 Cheyennes and Arapahos—many of them women and children—on the banks of Sand Creek in eastern Colorado. Though first hailed as a great victory, Sand Creek was soon regarded as a massacre. It ruined Chivington's career.

Scott carefully scrutinizes events leading up to Sand Creek—events that historians rarely, if ever, touch upon. He recounts the Confederacy's efforts to stir up Indian resistance in Colorado and discusses how drought brought Indians and whites into conflict over a dwindling food supply. He explains, in great detail, brutal attacks on women and children by Cheyenne Dog Soldiers. Most importantly, Scott reminds readers that Colorado, in an effort to guard against Indian attack, was under martial law in 1864. Stores were closed, travel was restricted, a curfew was set, and every able-bodied man was being trained to defend against Indians.

In his account of the massacre, Scott lays to rest some conventional wisdom about a cold-blooded attack on helpless innocents. Troopers found fresh scalps of white women and children in tepees at Sand Creek, and even Indian accounts tell of Cheyenne women and children loading guns for Dog Soldiers in their rifle pits.

Nevertheless, Scott's efforts to exonerate Chivington and the Third Colorado fall short. Scott dismisses accusers who testified about Chivington's thoughts and motives. Then he speculates that they hoped to profit from their testimony or were attempting to impede Colorado's entry into the Union.

Perhaps Chivington did not order, or even see, the deaths of women and children or the execution of prisoners. Perhaps it was not his fault that his volunteers were mostly poorly trained, frightened settlers and miners. Even so, as commander he was responsible for their actions, and he was justifiably censured.

Blood at Sand Creek restores much-needed context to the history of the Sand Creek massacre. Though Scott occasionally becomes apologetic, no one can claim a full understanding of Sand Creek without reading this book.—*Mike Antonucci, Carmichael, California.*

Ranching Lifestyle

El Rancho in South Texas. By Joe S. Graham. (University of North Texas Press, P.O. Box 13856, Denton, Texas 76203. $10.00 cloth bound.)

This handsome, oversized paperback, with cover art by Charles Shaw, grew out of an exhibit at the John E. Conner Museum of Texas A&M University, Kingsville. Small wonder then that it is stuffed with excellent photos, many from the archives of the King Ranch. Somewhat like recent books about the equipment

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of cowboys—boots, spurs, saddles, holsters, etc.—this is a more general look at the Hispanic roots of what David Dary calls "Cowboy Culture." It has to do with the entire life-style of cattle ranching and is especially good at the neglected area of ranch architecture, from mesquite-wood corrals to the *jacales*, thatched shacks of the *vaqueros*, and on up to the patron's *hacienda*, or ranch headquarters. As often as not, the owner's "Big House" was of caliche blocks, rather than adobe bricks, because Southwest ranching started in South Texas, the caliche country—as well as coastal prairie or savannah, and Dobie's Brush Country—between Goliad and the Rio Grande.

Graham traces the origin of cattle ranching back to the very first Texas ranch, *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores* (1750), owned by Don José Vásquez de Borrego. (Ironically, *borrego* means "sheep" in Spanish.) The author then carries the story up to modern-day ranches such as the King, Alta Vista, and Randado spreads.

The early ranchos played as important a role in the settlement of early Texas as did the missions and army presidios, or forts. To the one-time peons who graduated from mere herders into cowboys, thanks to their skill with horses, cattle, and roping, we owe much of Anglo ranch life, including its vocabulary—lariat, lasso, and buckaroo (*reata, lazo, vaquero*). This is an interesting story and Graham tells it well.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Tucson Diary

Whiskey, Six-guns, & Red-light Ladies: George Hand's Saloon Diary, Tucson, 1875–1878. Edited by Neil Carmony. (High-Lonesome Books, Silver City, New Mexico, 88062. $12.95 clothbound, $21.95 paper bound.)

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New Yorker named George O. Hand, who had fought with the Union Army, arrived in Tucson, Arizona. Two years later he helped open Foster's Saloon on Main Street. In 1875, he started keeping a diary. Regular entries graced the pages during the next three years.

After twenty-five informative introductory pages about Hand and the rise of Tucson during the 1870s, the diary opens on New Year's Day, 1875. Included are notations relating to the results of a horse race, groans regarding the chilly weather, a statement about everybody being drunk before breakfast, and a satisfied comment that during the night, Hand, "slept with the sister of Bernardo," whoever he or she was.

Hand's notations do not provide long, drawn out accounts of anything. Rather they are quick, terse flashes of history. While asleep, a man gets stung on the lip by a scorpion. His mouth, jaw, and throat severely swell, and one side of his face is paralyzed briefly. We learn that another fellow dropped his pocketbook in the privy, but fished it out by lantern light. Then there was the guy who tied his wife to a mesquite tree, whipped her nearly to death, shot her six times, and left her. The husband received a $300 fine, which he could not pay, so he spent the next 300 days in jail.

Although the book largely ignores the red-light ladies of its title, it covers just about everything else. There are numerous shootings, no end of drunks, a few lynchings, lots of stage holdups, some military excursions, and a mention every other week about Hand's taking his bath.

Hand rarely alludes to churches, libraries, schools, or city hall. Instead, his diary represents three years of raw life experienced in swift slices, some of it exciting, some of it tedious, and all of it interesting and different. Hand's account is the story of Tucson from the perspective of a saloon. It's worth reading.—*Leon C. Metz, El Paso, Texas.*

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Was Horn Guilty?

By CHUCK PARSONS

John E. Borror, Anderson, Indiana, asks a question that has plagued western historians for almost a century. "Do you think Tom Horn was guilty?"

To answer that definitively is almost impossible, but I can give my opinion. I believe Tom Horn shot thirteen-year-old William Nickell from ambush July 19, 1901, near the boy's home in Wyoming's Iron Mountain Region, but I think the killing was a mistake. William was the son of Kels P. Nickell, a sheep rancher. Horn no doubt believed he was killing the father, but in dim light he killed the son in error.

Why do I believe Horn was the slayer? Before his arrest for William's murder, Deputy United States Marshal Joe LeFors talked with Horn, who was drunk, while a court reporter secretly recorded the conversation. This so-called "confession" was perhaps the most telling piece of evidence against Horn. Today the confession would not be accepted, as Horn did not know a stenographer was recording his words.

Horn said that he killed the boy. He said, "It was the best shot that I ever made and the dirtiest trick I ever done." Earlier in the statement he remarked about his ability to go for long periods on a job without eating. "Sometimes I get so hungry that I could kill my mother for some grub, but I never quit a job until I get my man," he said.

Some people say that is all merely the bragging of a drunken man. Perhaps, but liquor may have caused Horn to speak with greater honesty. The statement about killing his own mother sounds like a callous man for whom human life means nothing. The statement about the "dirtiest trick" sounds like the words of a man who, if he had any conscience, regretted that particular shot.

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Tom Horn, hanged for murder on November 20, 1903.

Horn certainly knew that a conviction in the Nickell killing would send a man to the gallows. Why would he brag about such a thing?

To come to any type of conclusion, readers should study Dean Krakel's *The Saga of Tom Horn: The Story of a Cattleman's War*; Horn's autobiography, although much of it was ghost written; and the recent *Tom Horn: "Killing men is my specialty..."* by Chip Carlson.

Southern Medals

Many United States soldiers won Medals of Honor in the nineteenth century. Jim Worrell, Sunnyside, Washington, wants to know if the Confederacy issued similar medals during the Civil War.

The first Medal of Honor was not established in the United States until 1862, after the start of the Civil War. The Confederacy made provisions to bestow medals and badges on soldiers for acts of individual bravery, but a poor southern economy and more pressing war needs killed those plans.

The only Confederate medals similar to the Medal of Honor, which were actually presented to southern soldiers, were the Davis Guard Medals. They were small, round, silver medals made from Mexican silver dollars. Forty-two members of the Davis Guard, a company of the First Texas Heavy Artillery, received the medals for defending fortifications at Sabine Pass, Texas, in 1863. The medals were inscribed "DG" with a Maltese cross on one side, and "Sabine Pass/Sept 8th/1863" on the other.

Killed with Custer

In the September 1993 issue of *True West*, I answered a question about Isaiah Dorman, a black man killed with Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer at the Little Bighorn, June 25, 1876. At the time, all I knew about Dorman was that he was one of four non-whites under Custer who died in the fight. The other three were Indians, and all four of them died in Major Marcus Reno's valley fight.

Ray Selvig, Sedro Woolley, Washington, has told me of a book about Dorman. It is *Teat: The Saga of an American Frontiersman*, by Theodore Gould, published in 1986 by World Promotions, Bellingham, Washington. The book covers Dorman's life

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from plantation slave to the Little Bighorn. "Teat" was the Indian interpretation of Isaiah's name.

Tombstone Town Hall

In the February 1995 *True West* I provided a photo of a building and adjoining vacant lot in Tombstone, Arizona, and asked for more information about it. The caption on the photo said "O.K. Corral and City Hall where the Earps and Clantons battled to the end."

Terence W. Halden, Coaldale, Alberta, Canada, informed me that the building was in fact the city hall, but it was not built until 1882, some months after the O.K. Corral shootout. It is also some distance from where the gunfight occurred. The city hall was on the corner of Fifth and Fremont streets; the shootout was two blocks west and on the opposite side of Fremont Street. The building is still in use.

Lawman Brown

In the December 1994 *True West*, I asked for information about a lawman named Noble L. "Dude" Brown. Richard L. Tomasino responded with some help.

Brown was born in Monitor, Chelan County, Washington, on August 2, 1887. He served as the chief of police of Leavenworth, Washington, and then as Chelan County commissioner. He later represented Chelan County in the state legislature. Brown also ranched and hunted. He died of tuberculosis in July 1942 in Orland, California, and was buried in the Leavenworth Cemetery. Brown's simple philosophy was characteristic of the Old West: "Never double-cross a man. Never back down."

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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MAY DAY MISERY

By JON C. PICCIUOLO

In early 1883, coastal residents of California's San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties had reason to rejoice. Plans for their annual spring festivities included one very special event—an exciting rail jaunt into the countryside.

In those days, "excursion fever" gripped the rural communities; train rides were a popular pastime. On sunny weekends and holidays, the narrow-gauge Pacific Coast Railway hauled carloads of picnickers inland to the town of Los Alamos, end-of-the-line at that time. Most often, everyone returned home happy.

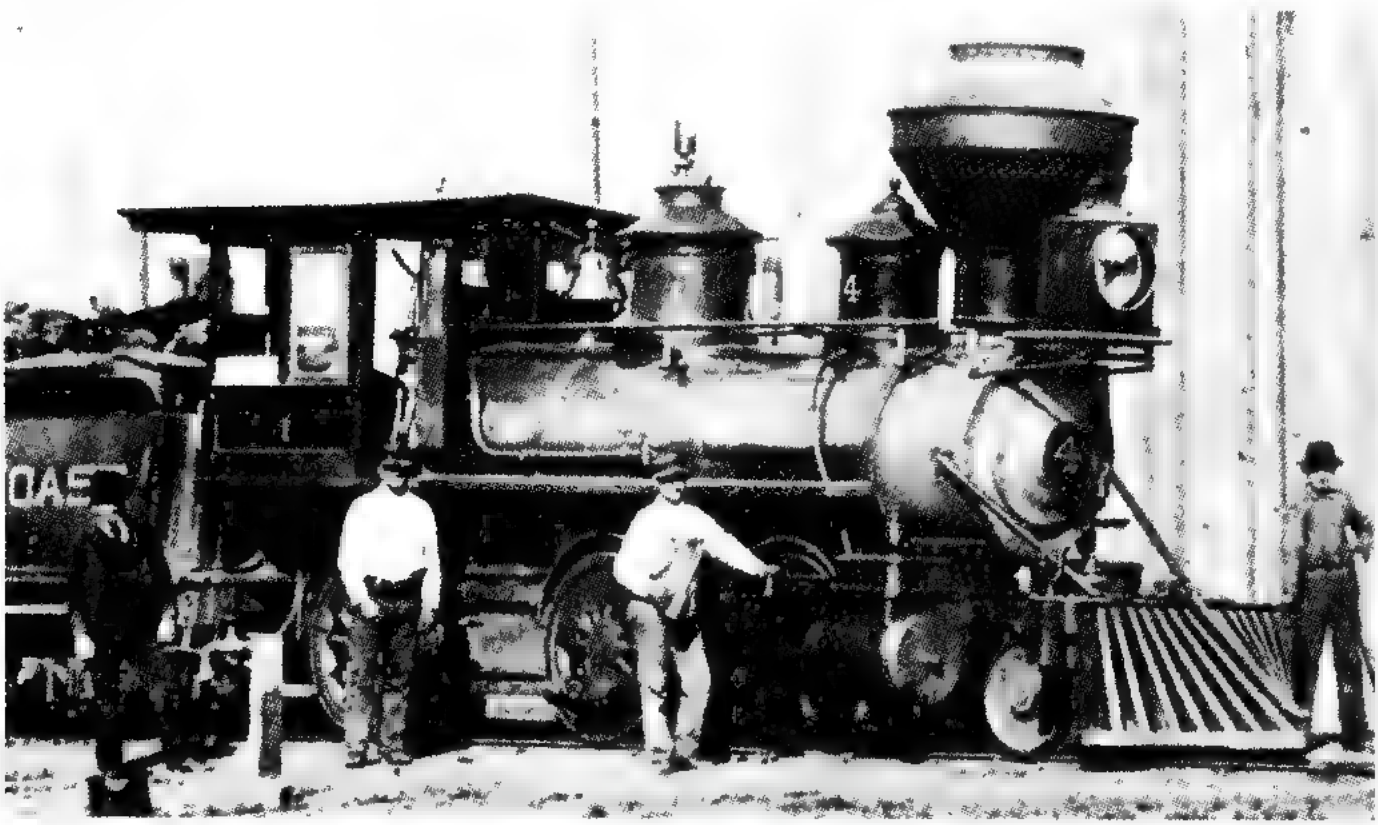
But the awful May Day excursion of 1883 made folks cherish the comfort of their own backyards.

The trip had been widely advertised for days. At first the railroad reckoned that three coaches plus a baggage car would hold the expected patrons. But after a stampede for tickets, several flatcars were hurriedly equipped with rough plank benches and rickety railings

Early on Tuesday morning, May 1, amazed Pacific Coast Railway officials in San Luis Obispo faced an enormous crowd. After a quick head count, they coupled bench-rigged boxcars to the festival train. Ticket holders grumped about traveling in such primitive style, but refused to accept refunds. The San Luis Obispo passengers clambered on, the train chugged down the track.

At Arroyo Grande, 150 more people were demanding a ride. Only about half could fit onto the single flatcar assigned to them; the rest crammed aboard wherever they could. As the train huffed southward, riders clung to the sides and roofs of passenger cars.

Hundreds more would-be picnickers were overflowing the Santa Maria depot when the May Day special pulled into town. Additional flat-



Courtesy of the Author

The little engine that couldn't. This locomotive pulled the Pacific Coast Railway's May Day Special.

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cars were added, but it was a hopeless situation. Over 300 ticket-bearing Santa Marians were turned away, many muttering darkly about swindle and revenge. Nervous railroad officials refunded round-trip fares on the spot—seventy-five cents for swearing adults, fifty cents for bawling kids. The festival train lurched off on its miserable journey to Los Alamos.

Now the most powerful locomotive on the line was tugging fourteen cars—a huge string for the 1880s Pacific Coast Railway. As one sufferer recalled, passengers rode like "sardines, without regard to comfort or previous condition in life."

THE WOOD-BURNING engine strained and groaned, then sighed in utter defeat. The steep, 100-foot-per-mile Graciosa Canyon grade was unconquerable. No passengers volunteered to get off and walk, so the engineer unhooked his locomotive and pulled up a few cars at a time. At a siding on the summit, he strung the train back together again.

Finally, more than two hours late, the May Day special limped into Los Alamos. Passengers gobbled lunch, then hoo-rahed the crowning of a May queen. There was no time for the usual speeches honoring feminine beauty and patriotism. After applauding a hurried Maypole dance, the 1,500 day-trippers climbed back aboard for the long return in deepening dusk. Children and old folks shivered in the unheated, breezy cars. A few pockets of feeble warmth flickered here and there around shared whiskey flasks.

A *Santa Maria Times* reporter captured the flavor of the event: "...it turned out to be about the most windy and disagreeable day of the season. All the efforts of the railroad officials and managers of the excursion could not offset its bad effects on the spirits of the people."

But the locals soon forgave the railroad. Day trips on the Pacific Coast Railway were popular for another fifty years

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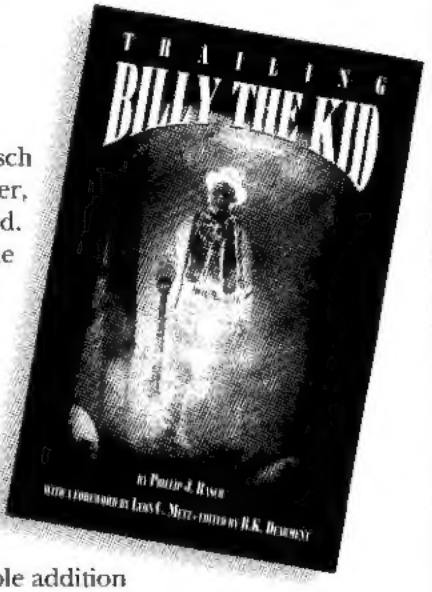

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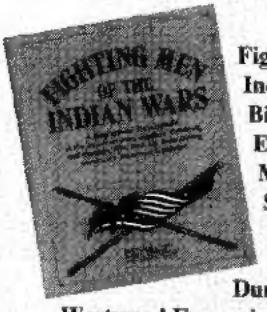

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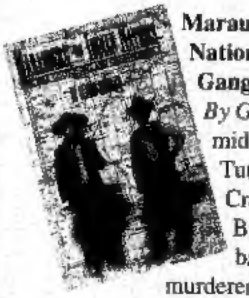

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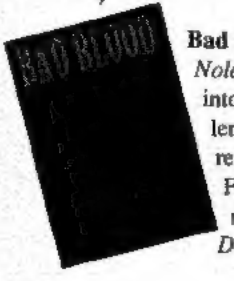

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